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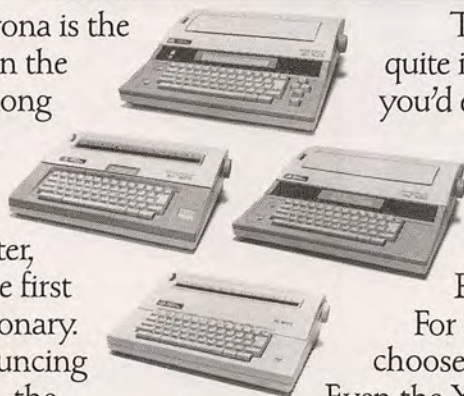
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▲ Peter Serling focuses on designer Isaac Mizrahi and models, standing at a backdrop Mizrahi just painted. Hairstylist Lindy King takes a breather while writer Schneider (right) takes mental notes.

From the Publisher

We're pleased to celebrate the first spring of what promises to be a liberating new decade with a special issue on style—and the people who create it. For 16 springs now, reporting on style has been a pivotal part of PEOPLE's beat—our very heartbeat. Today the subject still seems to us as broad and inviting as any we cover. Style is a refreshing, sometimes rebellious, reflection of how people are living and what they're thinking right now. It's the raising of a hemline or an eyebrow or a ruckus. It's decor and decorum. It's how we exercise and what we get exercised about. It's of the moment, but it recognizes enduring values such as mutual consideration and saving the environment.

While we aim to keep readers ahead of the game and on top of their own, PEOPLE has never been a magazine that dictates or prescribes, and we're not going to start now. We will continue to display all of your glorious panoply of up-to-the-minute options with a reporter's sense of story and detail. Holly Holden, the picture editor of this special issue, made a point of assigning photojournalists rather than fashion specialists to our coverage. "They were working in unfamiliar territory," she says, "and that made for fresh ways of seeing the subject." Karen Schneider, the chief fashion writer, saw her

mission as not to create "a how-to on hip but rather to inspire readers to discover—and trust—their own sense of style." Senior writer Louise Lague, who was instrumental in planning the issue, reminded her colleagues that "many of our readers are at an age when they're finished experimenting and just want to create a life-style that's right for them. The decade's theme is Do Your Own Thing, but this time it's with an eye to what's really going to work for you and for the people around you." In fact, to reemphasize the relevance of those very personal decisions to readers' lives, the weekly magazine has just instituted a new monthly feature titled Style Watch, which will cover pop cultural trends.

As we put this PEOPLE Extra together, the Berlin Wall came down, Nelson Mandela was freed, and the Soviet Communist Party stopped playing monopoly. Though we were embroiled in the surgings of fashion, food and art, we had the exhilarating feeling that the world of style and the world of realpolitik were moving into sync. The creators we interviewed spoke of freedom and human possibility no less than did the courageous people quoted on each morning's front page. It made our task exciting. We hope this special issue will make that excitement contagious.

Richard P. Valek

Publisher

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STYLE'S NEW SCOPE

You won't have to toe the line in fashion, food, furnishings—more than ever you'll draw your own. **Bonus:** style landmarks, a photo review

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NINE FOR THE '90s

What the world needs now is people whose style stems from substance. Consider:

16 Prince Charles: A Hamlet becoming a Henry V

20 Dana Delany: An Emmy winner whom women want to emulate, men want to marry

22 Kurt Schmoke: Baltimore's Mayor faces society's harshest problems head-on

25 Midori: To be young, (*very*) gifted and no brat

26 Ted Danson: Cheers to a man balancing family, cause and career

28 David Robinson: Model of a modern major jock

31 Barbara Bush: The art of putting people at ease

35 Jason Clay: CEOs are listening to this rainmaker for the rain forest

36 Paula Abdul: She could dance all night and make you want to do the same

Styles '90s Of the 90s



GERARD FLANCHENAU

In pachyderm masks, members of France's Robin des Bois protest ivory sales and make wit the soul of eco activism.

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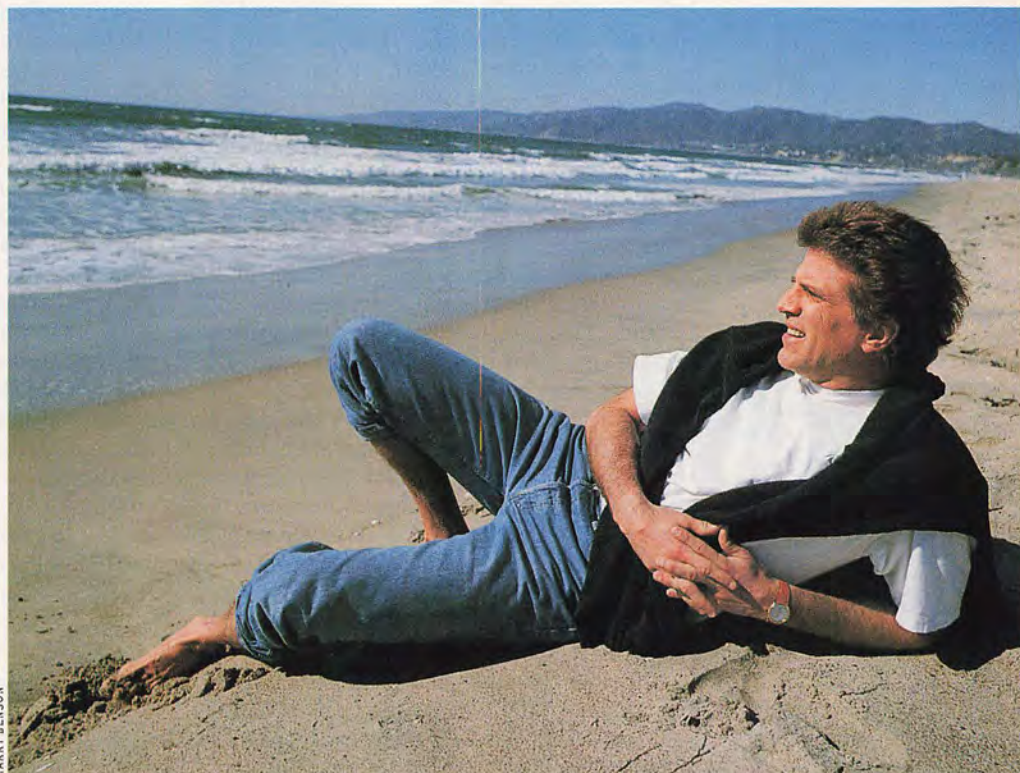
ECO ACTION

Robin des Bois is the Robin Hood of environmentalism • The **Toxic Avengers** and other citizens mobilize for a clean sweep • **Dennis Weaver** builds his "Earth Ship" • **Jim Henson, Ted Turner** and **Tom Cruise** preach to the next generation • Sculptors **Meg Webster** and **Buster Simpson** want to shape up the world • Fashion students send an **SOS**

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FASHION

Romeo Gigli, Isaac Mizrahi and **Robert Lee Morris** lead a runway renaissance • **Randolph Duke, Sam & Libby** and



HARRY BENSON

Off the set, Ted Danson campaigns to save our seas.



DIANE HUBERT

A model strolls, draped in Gigli.

er got over them • Wrap artist **Sayzie Carr**, jewelry designer **Lisa Jenks** and canopy creator **Bill Moss** initiate the age of soft-tech • **Mojdeh Baratloo** gives grade-schoolers a foundation in architecture

86 FOOD

Eating takes a great leap forward in the fusion cuisine of **Hugh Carpenter** • His healthy fast food could bring **Keith Farnie** fame • Ding-dong, **gourmet delivery** calling • Introducing the leisurely **Slow Food** movement • Of lavender spuds, jerk marinade and other **millenni-yumms** • **Zagat** diners dream up the perfect restaurant



STEPHEN ELLISON/OUTLINE PRESS

East meets West on a plate.

94 SPORTS AND FITNESS

For fun and aerobic conditioning, Americans are literally **climbing the walls**, and designer **Ramsay Thomas** is giving them more to hold on to • **Scott LeTellier** crusades for soccer as he prepares the



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The next Chris Evert?

nation to host the '94 World Cup • **Baltimore's new ballpark** will be a downtown classic • Homegrown tennis star **Jennifer Capriati** gets special dispensation to turn pro at 13 • From the **medical lab** to you: headache help, an electromagnetic tranquilizer, laser dentistry

103 LIFESTYLE

New ways to improve your one-to-one: The **National Organization for Changing Men** says share the housework, **PAIRS** says fight fair and **Earnie Larson** says go home early on Fridays • How to raise an **only child**: Gently help him down from the pedestal • **Seniors and toddlers** make each other's day in the Bronx • The **bichon frise** may become the dog of the decade

ON THE COVER: (clockwise from top right) **Warren Beatty** and **Madonna** clinch in primary colors for **Dick Tracy** • Vivacious **Paula Abdul** makes dirty dancing wholesome • Women as well as men are head over heels for **Dana Delany** of **China Beach** • The **bichon frise** laps up attention • World Cup **soccer** comes to the U.S. • His models get a kick out of **Isaac Mizrahi's** designs • **Massimo Iosa Ghini** creates a curvaceous couch • **Jim Henson's** newest muppet is a nature reporter named **Netty the Iguana**.

112 THE ARTS

Warren Beatty's Dick Tracy shoots movie-making technique fulla holes • **Bridget Fonda** keeps the family name in lights • Boat-lift refugee **Carlos Alfonzo** paints powerful canvases far from the power centers of N.Y.C. and L.A. • The **Urban Bush Women** stir tribal heat into street-smart dance • **Penny Sisto** and like-minded artists are making **quilts** send a message



BRIDGET FONDA

Bridget Fonda arrives.

122 HIDDEN PERSUADERS

A "shopaholic" elite shapes ads, movies, TV—and us

132 SONY, SUSHI, SILLY

Blue-cheese ice cream and Boss Day are part of the Japan we don't know

135 ALTARING MADONNA

If she gets rehitched, she'll look great in these gowns

Andres Duany and **Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk** have a secret ingredient to recreate small-town America: neighborliness • **Massimo Iosa Ghini** grew up on sci-fi comic books and, fortunately, nev-



RAEANNE RUBENSTEIN

Pewter (above) and Seaside, Fla. (below) glow afresh.



©STEVEN BROOKE

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*All that glitters is not a goal to be worshiped
anymore. So give yourself a break. A new
emphasis on choice and human concerns puts*

Style in Step With You

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARLOS MUNOZ-YAGÜE



Everybody knows the difference between style and content. Style is light and fancy-free; content is weighty and bristling.

(Gene Kelly is style; Jeane Kirkpatrick is content.) Style bats its eyelashes; con-



tent wags its finger. (Diana is

style; Charles is content.) Style goes high; content goes deep. (Cher: style. Streep: content.)

Style is fleeting. Content endures. (Style is Madonna. Content is the Virgin Mary.)

A neat division. Too bad it's totally false. Forget about style as just a set of poses and accessories, a lot of hair mousse and hemlines and models pouting at a camera. Think of it



instead as a language. Things that people wear, watch, eat, and hum in the shower give voice to the deeper preoccupations of the day. To understand

the divided yearnings of Americans in the '50s, you only had to note the contradiction between their "colonial" coffee tables and their "aerodynamic" toasters. And just a glance at their cars could hip you to their dreams—they wore their hearts on their tailfins. Likewise for the '90s. The trappings of the decade will provide the clues to its longings.

And the people who embody its styles will be the nerve endings of



the communal consciousness. They'll speak its language.

So, okay, style is important. But after the relentless personal displays of the '80s, no one would blame you if you were sick of the whole idea. Punks and skateboarders, preppies and new wavers, quarterbacks with dangle earrings, every species of wanna-be: prisoners of style. You imagine them marching past you in ranks, like the Red Army on May Day. If that's style, you might say, let's all be nerds.

Now, now. That's not style, it's hapless affectation. (You know how it is with some people: Apply overheated marketing to a tepid imagination and their brains boil over.) And, sure, the '90s will have its fads too. But by all indications it will be far harder to dictate style from a few ad offices and merchandising headquarters. In the global village that we'll all call home, the options will come pouring in from too many sides. Meanwhile, advances in assembly-line robotics are making it possible to custom design products at the factory to suit the specifications of

If you don't think the prestige of wealth

has diminished, just

put the question to

Leona Helmsley

individual customers, who will be reached via catalogs and will order through home computers. A setting that diverse and fizzy is apt to encourage some real style, which is the sum of a thousand borrowings, each a little pledge of allegiance to some idea or attitude, each adapted and customized by the borrower.

So, what will these styles be, and who's gonna shape them? Anyone who ever visited a World's Fair knows that prognostication is a tricky business. ("As Dad touches down at the family helipad, we see Mom in the kitchenarium with her nuclear Crock-pot!") But in these early days of the decade there are some tantalizing harbingers. Just consider the diminished prestige of wealth. (Ask Leona Helmsley about that one.) Or consider the big car. It has been making an undeniable comeback. Will the Alaskan oil spill change



How We Got to Here: A Style Ticker

What you had to have and when

THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN



**'50s/
Shirtwaist
dress**

**'60s/
Chanel look**

**'70s/
Pantsuit**

**'80s/
Power suit**

JEANS



**'50s/
Classic
dungarees**

**'60s/
Hip huggers**

**'70s/
Dawn of the designers**

**'80s/
Stone-
washed**

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SOMETIMES YOU NEED A LITTLE FINESSE...

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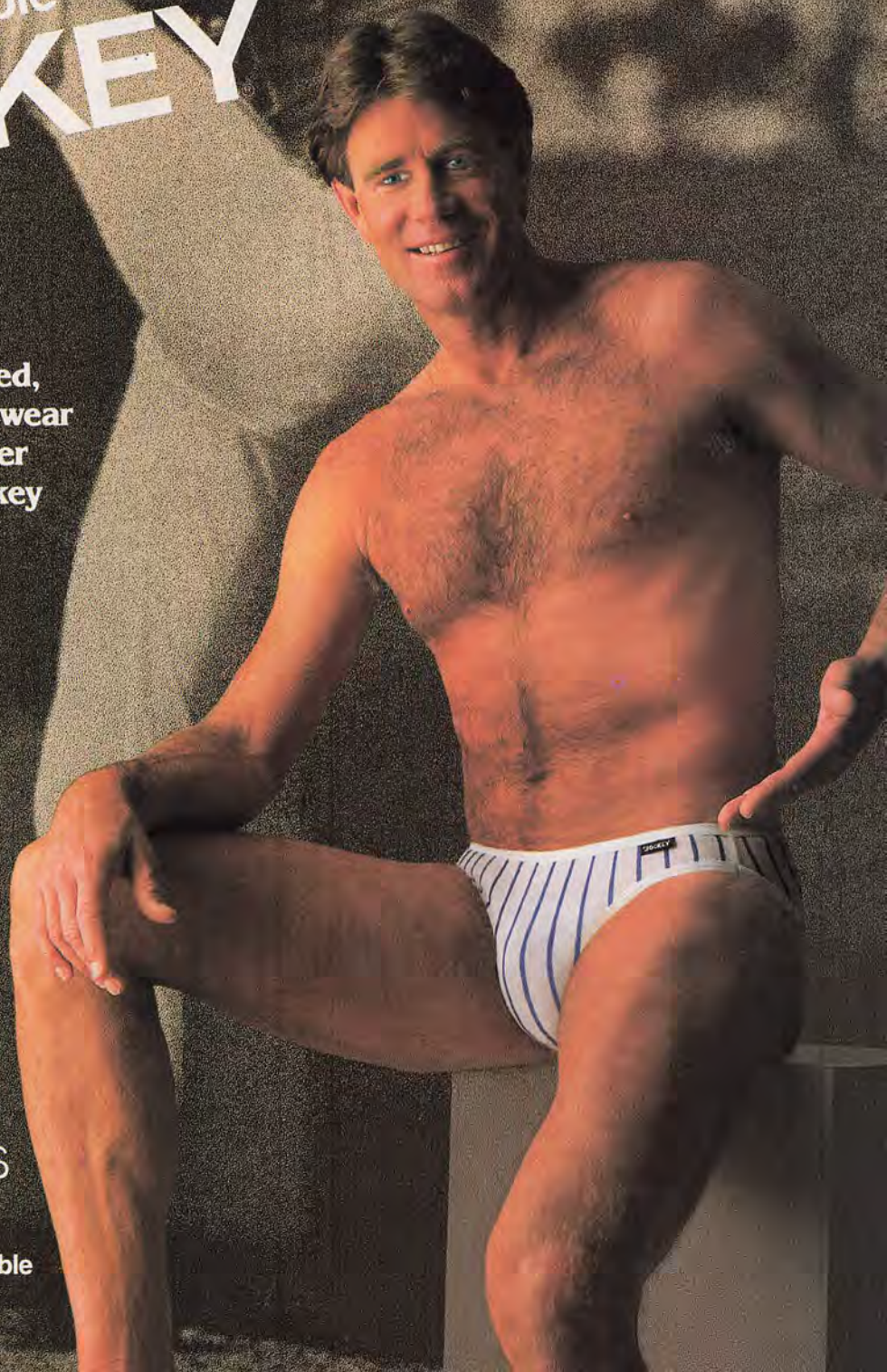
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underwear has that Jockey
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that? It came along to remind us of what it will take—and what it can cost—to support a nation of gas-guzzlers. To top it off, Washington may be eyeing a new gas tax. (Uh, make that “revenue enhancement.”) Look for the big-car comeback to go back. Small will be beautiful again.

Just wait for the '90s to dress itself too. In recent years kids have taken to sporting the regalia of the late '60s.

But even when the stuff was worn with the best of intentions, the peace-sign earrings and tie-dyed T-shirts could look like mere trinkets of concern, signs that conscience itself had become the object of nostalgia. (A grim thought, that.) Maybe we're seeing the '90s beginning to bloom in those '50s-pattern neckties that have been showing up at work—a bit of resistance to the corporate uniform of stripes and foulards.

Then there's the simple fact that the population is getting older. Baby boomers are turning fortysomething.

Bad news for the nightclubs and downtown scenes. Everyone's gone home to the microwave, the VCR and the alarm clock.

Trendy stores like Bloomingdale's are shifting their sales strategy—less cutting-edge fashion, more of the comfy and durable. Restaurants are going bistro, meaning meat and potatoes with atmosphere.

It's not just that people will be coming home after work. More and more, they won't leave home in the first place. Aided by technologies like home computers and fax machines, we'll become a nation of home offices, as we were once a nation of family farms. It's one partial solution to the problem of who's minding the kids. By lowering the number of commuters it will also reduce pressure on traffic and the environment. Yet the very independence that the new arrangements will afford may send us running once more to forge links with a larger community. Bunkered in our home offices, won't we feel the itch to get out and mingle? “Only connect,” urged the British novelist E.M.



TEEN SCREAMS



'50s/
Elvis



'60s/Fab Four



'70s/
David
Cassidy



'80s/Prince

PUPPET LOVE

'50s/Howdy Doody



'60s/Bunny Rabbit



'70s/Miss Piggy & Kermit



'80s/
E.T.

SWIMSUITS



'50s/
Coy &
corsety



'60s/
Teeny
bikini



'70s/
Tacky
two-piece



'80s/Hips ahoy



Forster. He didn't mean fax me in the morn. With home comes family, a baby boomlet already discovered in movies and television: *Three Men and a Baby*, *Parenthood*, *Look Who's Talking*. Is it a coincidence that CBS has revived *The Brady Bunch*? ("Honey, I marketed the kids!") As thinking about the next generation becomes a habit of the heart, it tends to

translate into a concern for the future generally—and that means taking acid rain as personally as acid indigestion.

Gradually, we'll be at home in the world. The emerging America is more than ever a multicultural place. The 1990 census will show that the Asian and Hispanic populations of the U.S. have grown sharply. In the past, overseas influences were sometimes dismissed as a passing pinch of spice. They can't be now. The varied nationalities of the U.S. will give them a permanent slot. They'll be as American as pizza.

Meanwhile, the U.S., like much of the rest of the world, will take part in a wholesale internationalization of cultures. Even

before the Berlin Wall came down, physical barriers among nations had become irrelevant—brick and mortar are no match for satellite TV. This is now a world in which I.M. Pei, a Chinese-born architect who lives in New York, flies to Paris to design a new entrance for the Louvre in the style of an Egyptian pyramid—and then goes on to plan something similar for the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame Museum in Cleveland.

The result of these interactions will be a border exchange of products and hybrid creations, like world beat music and Japanese haute couture. But if we want a global village, and not just a global shopping mall, we'll open ourselves to a subtler trade in sensibilities too. Example: the nations that were once the Soviet bloc. From Franz Kafka to Milan Kundera, the supple ironies of Central European film and literature have been the very mea-

Physical barriers

among nations are

irrelevant. Brick and

mortar are no match

for satellite TV

WATCHES



'50s/
Timex Marlin



'60s/
Wide bodies

'70s/LEDs

'80s/Swatch



SHORTS

'50s/Bermudas



'60s/Cut-offs



'70s/
Hot pants



KIND OF A DRAG

'50s/
Milton Berle



'60s/
Flip
Wilson



'70s/Jamie Farr



'80s/
Dustin
Hoffman



'80s/
Spandex
bicycle
shorts

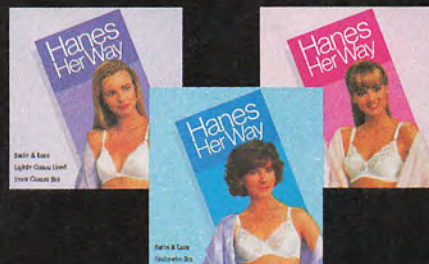


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BEAUTIFUL SKIN TOMORROW.



sure of intellect and wit. (Check the sly films of Ernst Lubitsch and the sinuous plays of Ferenc Molnár. They're recommended to anyone whose idea of a sex comedy is *Animal House*.) Now their talents are truly free to beguile us again. And we need their abiding spirit no

less than they need our cheeseburgers.

It's the human touch generally that we'll be looking for. In music too. The '80s came in with a flurry of beeping techno-pop. (Remember Devo?) They

went out on a wave of machine-tooled dance music and all-too-heavy metal. Somewhere between the dry ice and the beatbox, the vocal cords got lost. If a corporate logo could sing, it would sound like Debbie Gibson.

When the '90s finds its voice, expect it to be just that—a voice—full-throated and altogether human. It could be as smooth and ample as Anita Baker's, as charged as Whitney Houston's (when she's not covered in treacle), or as flip and quizzical as Edie Brickell's of the New Bohemians. Patsy

Cline and Roy Orbison may be gone, but we hear their sound—deep, delicious and wise—welling up in k.d. lang. And count on music to think again, to engage the brain and not just the hips. The B-52s prove that you can be smart and danceable, nutty and profoundly sane. Rap has both the spiky individuality of the spoken word and the communal power of a drumbeat.

S style can be helpfully subversive. The imagination is nimble. As fast as the merchandisers catch up with it, it moves on to its next provocation. If we do it right, that's what style will be in the years to come. Not just buzzwords and sharp moves at the microphone. (Though let's hope there's some of that too.) Not just Spandex bike shorts or Day-Glo orange sunscreen. (Though they'll always be welcome.) If we do it right, style will be a language that gives voice to the deepest feelings we have. Because in the '90s, style will be content. —**Richard Lacayo**



'50s/
Martini

"I'LL HAVE A . . ."



'60s/
Scotch
on the rocks

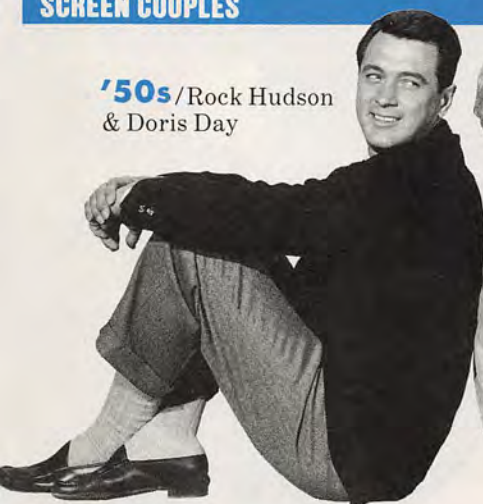


'70s/
White wine



'80s/
Mineral water

SCREEN COUPLES



'50s/
Rock Hudson
& Doris Day



'60s/
Paul
Newman &
Joanne
Woodward



'70s/
Woody
Allen &
Diane
Keaton



'80s/
Jeff Goldblum
& Geena Davis



'50s/
Gale Storm in
My Little Margie

'60s/
Marlo
Thomas in
That Girl

'70s/
MTM in
*The Mary
Tyler
Moore
Show*



'80s/
Candice
Bergen in
*Murphy
Brown*



NINE FOR THE '90s

It will take a new kind of stylesetter to steer Spaceship Earth safe and soigné into the years that start with a 2. Here are nine who have heart, smarts and pertinent panache



Like many an American baby boomer, Prince Charles went through an extended adolescence. His was just more public than most. Kept from the throne, not knowing quite what to do with himself, he spent much of his 30s in a kind of suspended animation. He brooded. He shuttered himself in Scotland. He talked to his plants. There were times you wondered: Is this Prince Charles or Prince Hamlet?

Not anymore. Charles, 41, has come of age. Nice for him, of course, but notable for the rest of us too. If the '90s are to be a decade when we take responsibility for things like the cities, the schools and the biosphere, then the new Charles is the man of the hour. In fact, he's several men. There's Charles the archcritic of modern architecture, especially when it tries to throw its glass houses against the old stones of England's grand buildings. There's Charles the paladin of the poor, spurring business involvement in the inner city. Then there's Charles the environmentalist, plugging for conservation. And lately there is Charles the champion of the Queen's English, battling bad grammar and limp language. And speaking of language, he's not just

**Just when we need
him, the aloof heir
apparent has emerged
as a man of the world
and a wry critic of
modernism run amok**



PRINCE CHARLES

talk. He wrote and helped to prepare a BBC documentary (and later a prizewinning book) called *A Vision of Britain*, which laid out his prescription for small-scale architecture that respects tradition and fits in with its surroundings. Now he's working on another documentary—on the environment—that will try to pinpoint achievable solutions. And he has begun meeting with international business leaders to spread his message of responsibility. At his orders, recycling and organic food have been introduced at Kensington Palace in London and at Highgrove, the Waleses' country estate in Gloucestershire.

Even when he's a scold, Charles is tart, not sour. In 1987 he compared his nation's architectural establishment to the World War II German bombers that devastated London. "You have to give this much to the Luftwaffe," he announced drily to an audience of stunned architects. "When it knocked down our buildings, it didn't replace them with anything more offensive than rubble. We did that." In some of his sharper comments, the urge to speak up meets a gift for stand-up. "Is this really a reading room?" he asked the architect of a new library. "It

looks more like an assembly hall for an academy for secret police."

The architectural and city planning establishments in Britain may not be laughing. To them he sounds petulant and snippish, a prince of wails who unfairly throws his royal weight around. After he fired his first shot against modern architecture in 1984, attacking a proposed addition to London's National Gallery as "a monstrous carbuncle on the face of a much-loved and elegant friend," the design was scrapped in favor of a more classical substitute. Developers who hope to get clearance for major projects have begun to seek his tacit approval for their increasingly conservative creations. Indeed, it's fair to ask whether Charles has ever met a large modern building he didn't dislike. But the British people, living in a nation that has suffered some of the most unsightly hulks of the post-war era, seem to love it. Polls show that they overwhelmingly endorse his stand.

Charles has also taken up the cause of good grammar and clear, powerful speech. Most recently he decried the contemporary vocabulary of the New English Bible, which has squashed the poetry of the King James Version into the language of a none too bright schoolboy delivering a book report. "The word of God is *supposed* to be a bit over our heads," the Prince lamented in a speech last year. "Elevated is what God is."

And elevated is what Charles, eventually, will be. Once he ascends the throne, it will be harder for him to use the palace as a pulpit. Having learned to exercise the powers at his disposal, but not yet having assumed the more confined role awaiting him, Charles may be entering the most effective years of his life. We may look back at him someday and say that this was his finest hour.

In that case, forget the comparison with Hamlet. If Charles is like a figure from

Shakespeare, the more apt comparison may be with Henry V, the unready princeling who became a robust King. The Charles for the '90s is a man who, like Henry, has found his own path. And he's prepared to bring others along it. ■



● A mate Charles chose perhaps to balance his deliberative style, Diana, 28, keeps Wills, 7, and Harry, 5, natty and nice. Top, Charles touches up the inauguration of a London housing project he initiated.

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DANA DELANY

**With her brooding,
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at war, she has
become TV's top
weapon against
combat fatigue**

The marriage proposals arrive by mail now, filled with "stuff about my body, and how beautiful I am," says Dana Delany, 34. "That strikes me as funny because I've never thought of myself as beautiful. I have this round little Irish face and then this body that doesn't quite match."

Maybe not, but the pieces have certainly come together for the *China Beach* star. Her ABC series about the women of an Army hospital in Vietnam could have become just another doctor-nurse flirt fest when it arrived as a spring replacement in 1988. Thanks largely to Delany's portrayal of the tough, spiritually spent Colleen McMurphy, however, it has proved to be far more than a rewarmed *M*A*S*H* spiced with hot-lipped Houlihans. Forget the show's time-warp setting (1968); Delany has invaded the male preserve of prime-time drama with a charismatic feminism that has earned her an Emmy. "I get letters from young girls who are crazy about McMurphy," she says of her sensitive-but-take-no-guff character. "They see a woman can be like that, and I think that's great."

If *China Beach* has insured Delany's future, it has left her little of the present. Unread movie scripts sit under dust in her \$950-a-month studio apartment on the ocean in Venice, Calif. Fourteen-hour days mean that her Pritikin-style meals ("no fats, no sugar, no salt") are now prepared by a caterer and stacked in her fridge; Norma Kamali dresses hang in her closet, awaiting infrequent calls

to weekend duty. Though rumored to be dating *China Beach* producer John Sacret Young, 43, Delany insists that her social life is both min-

imal and noncommittal. "I thought I'd be married by now; I thought I'd have kids by now," she acknowledges. "You have these ideas in your head when you're younger, then reality comes and it's all a little bit different."

Not that the reality is bad. The middle of three children born to a New England family made rich by toilets (the Delany flush valve), she graduated with the first coed class ('74) at George Bush's preppie alma mater, Andover, and went to Ivyish Wesleyan in Connecticut before beginning her struggle to stardom. She progressed from soap commercials to soap operas (*As the World Turns*, *Love of Life*) and played Broadway before getting her small-screen break as a Bruce Willis love interest in an episode of *Moonlighting*. Now a dedicated California transplant, she has a homeopathic doctor, practices yoga daily, takes shiatsu massages and drives to work in a 1987 Rabbit equipped with a phone.

Although Delany has supported abortion rights and a proposed memorial to women Vietnam vets, she steers clear of most political causes. "I'm not a spokesperson; I'm an actress," she says. True enough, but in *China Beach* she has also become for many the symbol of a new decade's promise. "Television has been a man's world, but I think that's changing," she says. "Women have changed, and TV's finally catching up." ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY BENSON





SCHMOKE

KURT



● Schmoke, visiting a Baltimore drug clinic, aims to help, not jail, addicts.

Tough and creative, he's in the forefront of a new generation of leaders whose strength is substance, not showmanship

Kurt Schmoke won't stay put. Take one look at Baltimore's first elected black Mayor, and you think you've got him figured. Must be one of those button-down managerial types, the kind who have replaced the old-style buccaneering pols in a lot of city halls. He's got the academic background (Yale, Oxford and Harvard Law). He's got the thoughtful manner. He's even got the red suspenders.

But just when you have him pegged—prudent yuppie—the image shifts. This is also the man who dropped a bombshell at the 1988 meeting of the U.S. Conference of Mayors. That was where Schmoke proposed that Americans debate the possibility of decriminalizing drugs. Saying we are losing the war on drugs, he reasoned that decriminalization would render trafficking unprofitable, reduce drug-related crime and let funds be diverted from law enforcement to drug education and treatment. "I propose that the war on drugs be led by the Surgeon General," he said. "Not the Attorney General."

Overnight, the popular first-term Mayor,

who could have slid by on the plaudits for his success at building low-income housing and improving public schools, made himself the target of national outrage. He laughs: "I got a lot of mail from people who wanted me to go down to the train station and be under the next train." The surprising proposal—a former prosecutor, Schmoke pressed charges against thousands of drug defendants—also got howls of rejection from Washington and an unnerving question that daughter Kathy, 10, brought home from school: "Are you really in favor of taking drugs?"

While the merits of legalization are still debatable, they are much more debated since Schmoke had the courage to break the ice. After a decade when few politicians ventured a word in public before consulting their pollsters, his combination of managerial competence and audacity may even pay with voters. His approval rating is solid, and his mail is increasingly supportive. Political odds-makers are saying that Schmoke, 40, is a good bet for higher office in the '90s. Like we told you—this guy won't stay put. ■

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MIDORI

What was it about the '80s that made so many gifted people treat their gifts as licenses to snarl? We got Mike Tyson's brawls outside the ring. We got Sean Penn. And always there was John McEnroe. Will we remember him best for his backhand or his back talk?

So here's to Midori. We first met her as a pint-size prodigy from Osaka, Japan, briskly mastering the tangles of Bartók's Second Violin Concerto. ("You weren't aware this was a young person playing," says conductor Leonard Slatkin of the first time he heard her.) Now she's 18, a five-year veteran of the international concert circuit and, in the words of critic Peter G. Davis, "the violinist of the moment." Yet while the world of classical music has always had its prima donnas, Midori keeps the virtue in virtuoso. Her rare musical gift is joined to a refreshing grace and aplomb. They were all displayed during her now legendary 1986 performance at Tanglewood with Leonard Bernstein and the Boston Symphony. While she was performing the wild finale of Bernstein's *Serenade*, her E string snapped. Midori didn't smash her violin. She calmly borrowed the

concertmaster's. When that popped its E string, too, she simply borrowed another. On with the show.

With the same felicity she brings to Mendelssohn, the 5'2" Midori has weathered the stress of performances at the Reagan White House and on *The Tonight Show*, as well as whatever strains attended her parents' divorce eight years ago. She now lives in Manhattan with her mother—who was her first violin teacher—her stepfather and a new baby brother. A senior at the Professional Children's School, she takes homework on the road and often travels alone. Her major vice is window shopping, her major indulgence

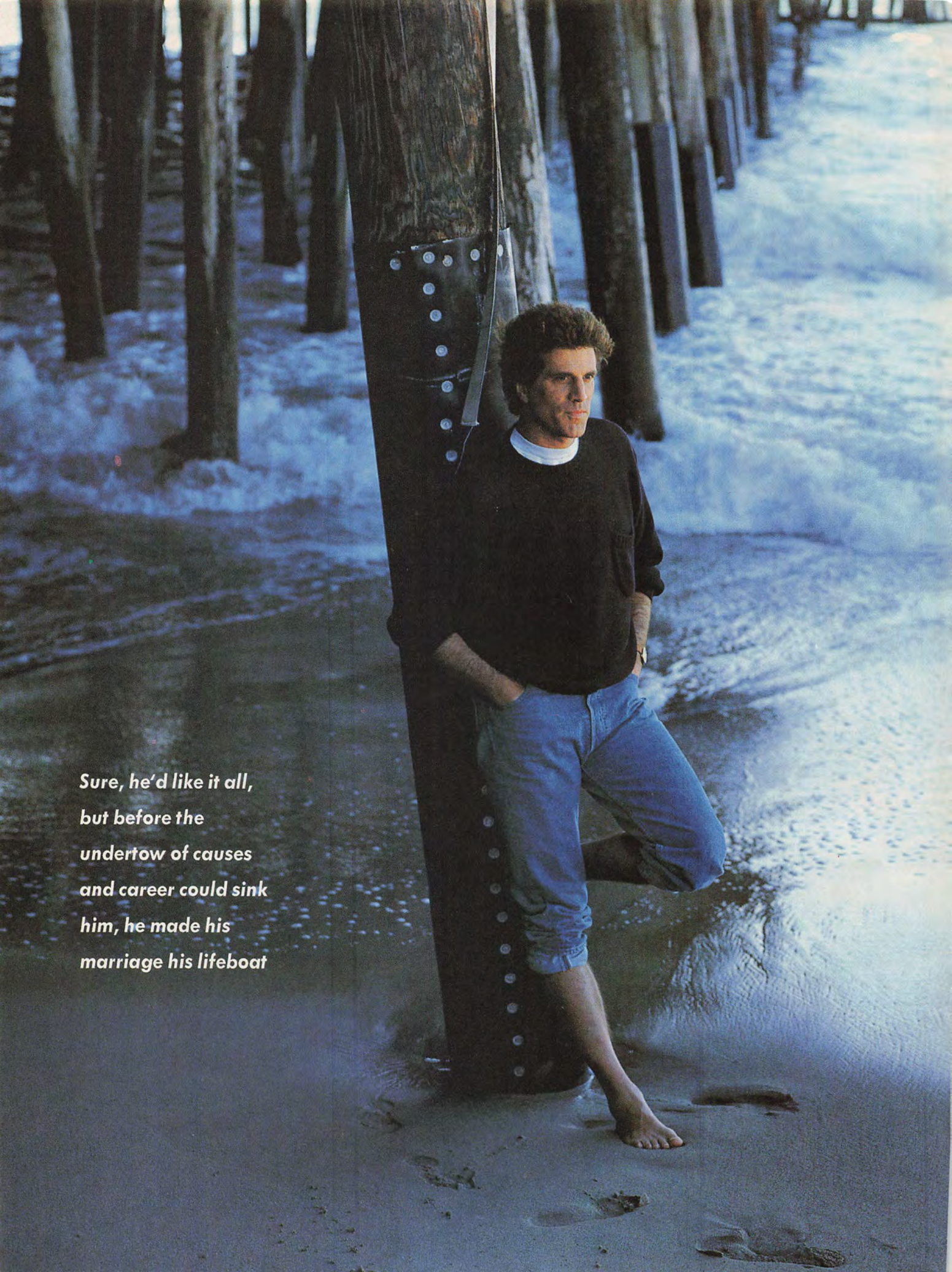
Indian food. "I don't always have to be listening to music to be with the music," she says. Her talent is still deepening. At 10, she was a prodigy. Now she's a promise fulfilled. On with the show. ■

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PHOTOGRAPH BY ©1990 MARIANNE BARCELLONA

● With Guarneri in hand and a score in her head, Midori travels light (but lugs schoolbooks along) to 90 concerts a year. And she doesn't forget to fax.



A full-page photograph of a man with dark, curly hair, wearing a dark long-sleeved shirt and light blue jeans, leaning against a weathered wooden pier post. He is barefoot and looking off to the side. The background shows a beach with waves crashing against the pier structure. The lighting is soft, suggesting late afternoon or early morning.

*Sure, he'd like it all,
but before the
undertow of causes
and career could sink
him, he made his
marriage his lifeboat*

H

e's not a man to get bogged down in slavish consistency. He talks vegetarian and shops organic, but "it would not be extraordinary," he says, "to see me slipping into a McDonald's with my kids." He drives a Jeep and a Volvo wagon, but not without guilt. "It's about time for me to put my money where my mouth is and buy something that gets *great* mileage," he says. Ted Danson, 42, has traversed the money-power-fame minefield of the '80s with passions and priorities intact. Today he brings a refreshing—perhaps necessary—tolerance to a central quandary of the '90s: how to reconcile domestic values with the pursuit of careers and causes.

Indeed, he has had ample experience wrestling with contending forces. On Christmas Eve, 1979, his wife, Casey, suffered a paralyzing stroke during the birth of their first child. Despite a career-igniting performance in *The Onion Field*, Danson left acting for six months to nurse her back to health. Two years later work again clashed with homelife as he became a leading man in *Cheers*. In the mid-'80s his attention was seized once more—by a sign on a favorite beach that read, **POLLUTED WATER, NO SWIMMING**. He and Casey, 52, founded the American Oceans Campaign in 1987, and he began pouring energy into fostering a responsible coastal resources policy. "During the last two years, I almost crashed and burned trying to be everything for everybody," he says. Now he is getting back to basics. "My concern is for my wife and me, not how far I can shoot out into the world."

Danson's social conscience runs deep. Even while he was pulling the tap as the libidinous bar-keep of *Cheers*, he starred in TV movies with a message—as an incestuous father in *Something About Amelia* ('84) and a reporter on famine in Ethiopia in *We Are the Children* ('87). His reverence for nature dates to a Flagstaff, Ariz., childhood among the Hopi Indians. Danson's father, an archaeologist, taught him that the past must be preserved as a legacy.

Nowadays one finds Danson not only preaching clean water, but also preserving what counts most for him: horseback riding with his kids, shooting hoops in the driveway or, as on a recent Saturday, spending the evening with friends, enjoying pasta, Puccini and a Magic Johnson video. ■

TED DANSON



● Danson (at a beach near his Brentwood, Calif., home) and Casey (above) have campaigned for the oceans; now they are refocused on each other and the kids.



DAVID

ROBINSON

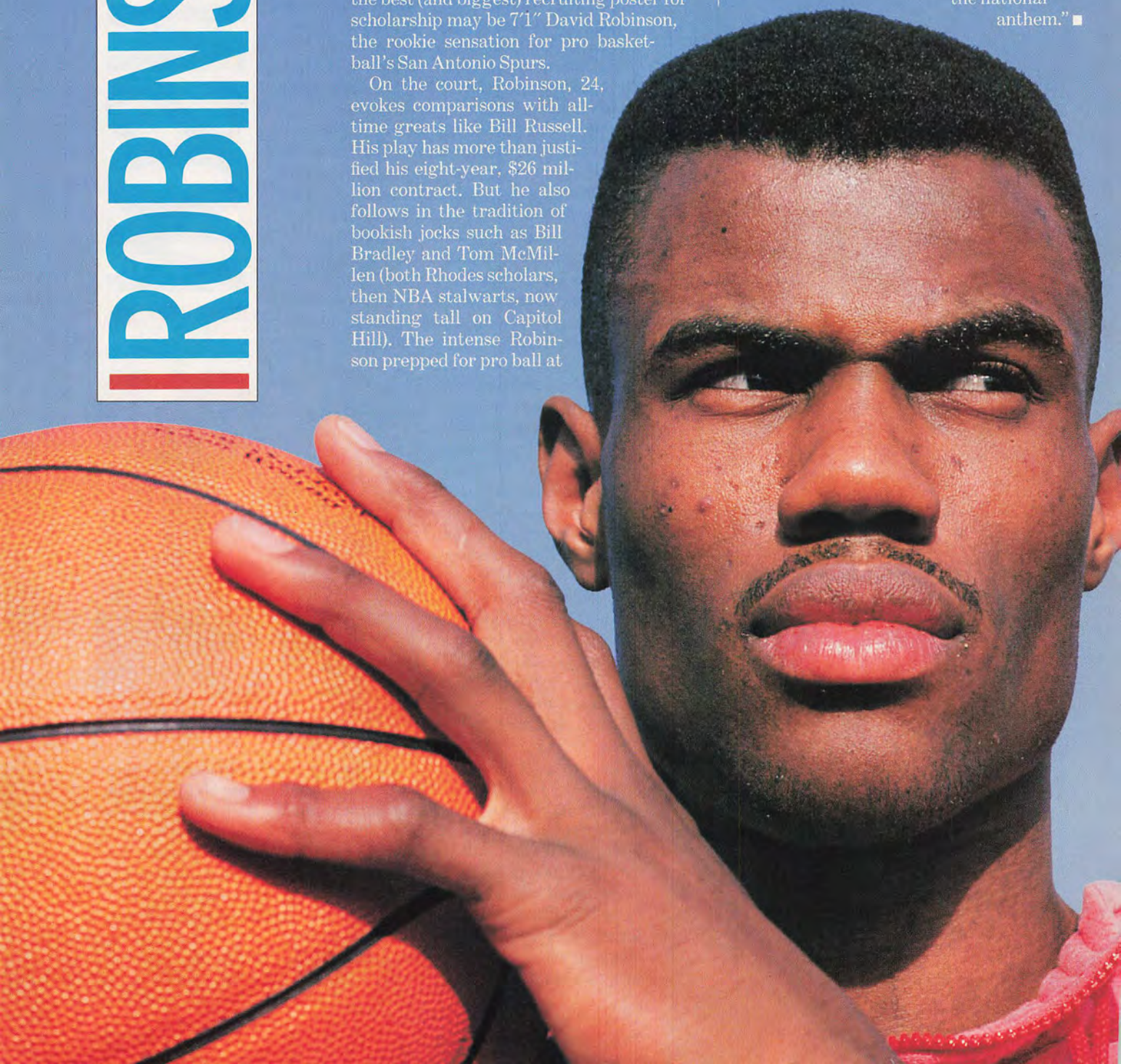
Despite the earnest efforts of university presidents, professors and even some coaches, big-time college sport remains a hotbed of hypocrisy. At football and basketball factories, a recruit's grade point average is still secondary to yards-per-carry or points-per-game—and a mere 33 percent of NFL players and 20 percent of those in the NBA get their college degrees. Aspiring scholar-athletes sorely need role models, and, happily, they're emerging. Case in point: Bo Jackson. Though he hardly needs another career, the baseball-football superstar returned to Auburn to finish his course work in family-and-child development. (*Bo knows books.*) But the best (and biggest) recruiting poster for scholarship may be 7'1" David Robinson, the rookie sensation for pro basketball's San Antonio Spurs.

On the court, Robinson, 24, evokes comparisons with all-time greats like Bill Russell. His play has more than justified his eight-year, \$26 million contract. But he also follows in the tradition of bookish jocks such as Bill Bradley and Tom McMillen (both Rhodes scholars, then NBA stalwarts, now standing tall on Capitol Hill). The intense Robinson prepped for pro ball at

a most unlikely place: the U.S. Naval Academy, where his grade point average as a math major was a respectable 2.7 (out of 4.0). Moreover, his main off-court activities are characteristically cerebral: teaching himself to play classical music on his baby grand piano and composing lighter tunes on a fancy \$2,500 electronic keyboard. "I like to do things that challenge my brain," he says.

Already, Robinson is among the league leaders in integrity. One Spurs official says he knew Robinson was special when he took his wife to see the big man's first game.

Afterward, he asked her what she thought was Robinson's strongest attribute. Her answer: "The way he stood at attention for the national anthem." ■



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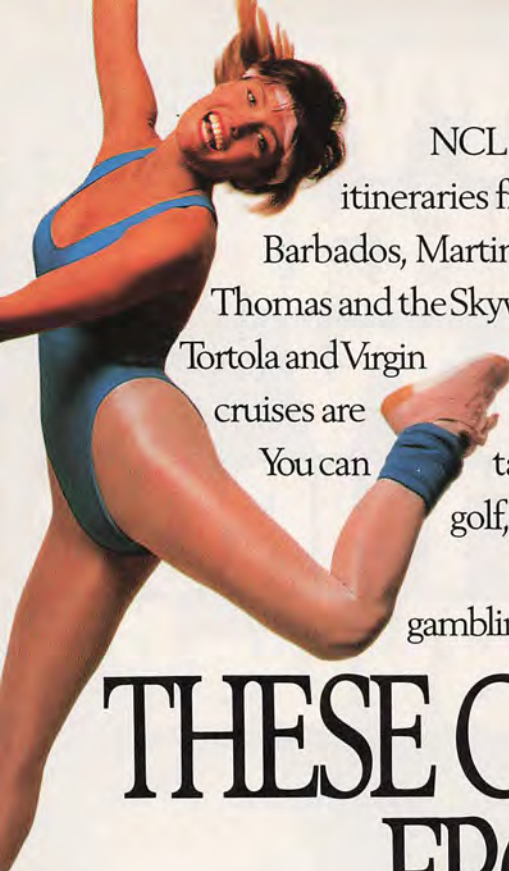


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If you met her at the mall, you would never guess that she was the First Lady, which is why so many Americans are glad she is

It's hard to imagine Nancy Reagan carrying a toddler on her hip (what hip?) or describing her wrinkles (what wrinkles?) as "furrows so deep you could plant potatoes in them." One *can* imagine Rosalynn Carter gardening in khakis, but not sprawling on the White House lawn to cuddle friendly, floppy-eared Millie. Yet somehow Barbara Bush knows how to be as folksy as all next-door without jostling a jot of her dignity.

The Silver Fox was reared in the kind of high WASP style that Bronx-born Ralph Lauren has made his nouveau niche. Daughter of the publisher of *McCall's* and a housewife, she developed in affluent New York suburbia the admirable qualities of fortitude,

● Ellie LeBlond, 4, got a lift from "Gammy" in Kennebunkport last August.



forbearance, self-deprecating humor and engaging, never gushing, maternal warmth.

The Barbara Bush style is not just white gloves for the inauguration, not just royal "Barbara Blue" (now dubbed one of the hot hues for the '90s), not just the triple strand of fake pearls that has proved so popular that Kenneth Jay Lane has begun designing them for pooches. It's all that and less. Barbara's way of conveying conviviality while neither prying nor pressing unsought intimacies strikes the right balance after a decade of heedless excess. The woman *respects* privacy—another tenet of WASP style.

She is, in short, not out to impress anyone. The family home in Kennebunkport is kid-proof—equipped with comfortable, dog-frequented furniture, the residue of 28 moves in 45 years of marriage. There, Barbara, 64, wears T's and sweats mailed in by admirers, and the annual Fourth of July bash has always included townspeople and staff.

What Barbara has done is make graciousness stylish again. Her secret is that it's no act. She really seems to enjoy scrawling the generous personal notes that fly from her desk and keeping up the 60 family scrapbooks as well as the intimate network of girlfriends from stages past. And she really seemed embarrassed when she remarked at

▲ Though caught here in the Oval Office, the First Lady doesn't play first kibitzer and normally insists on letting George be George.

an inaugural luncheon, "Please notice the hairdo, the makeup, the designer clothes. You may never see them again."

That promise proved impossible to keep—there's no time for shopping at Talbot's now. But with it, millions of women breathed a collective sigh of relief. As designer Arnold Scaasi puts it, "Having Barbara as First Lady means that women who weren't buying a new dress because they were a little overweight are buying new dresses now. It means you don't have to try to look like your daughter anymore."

A more relaxed style is prevailing at the White House too. Barbara brought along the needlepoint rug that took her eight years to finish. The Lincoln guest room is occupied almost nightly by kith or kin, and George is forever bringing official visitors home from the office for "burgers and bloodies." Nancy Reagan's former beauty salon is now a puppy-whelping room and scrapbook storehouse; her private gym has become a guest room for visiting grandchildren. "Mrs. Reagan was a perfectionist," Barbara says, "and I'm not." That's perfect all by itself. ■

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JASON CLAY

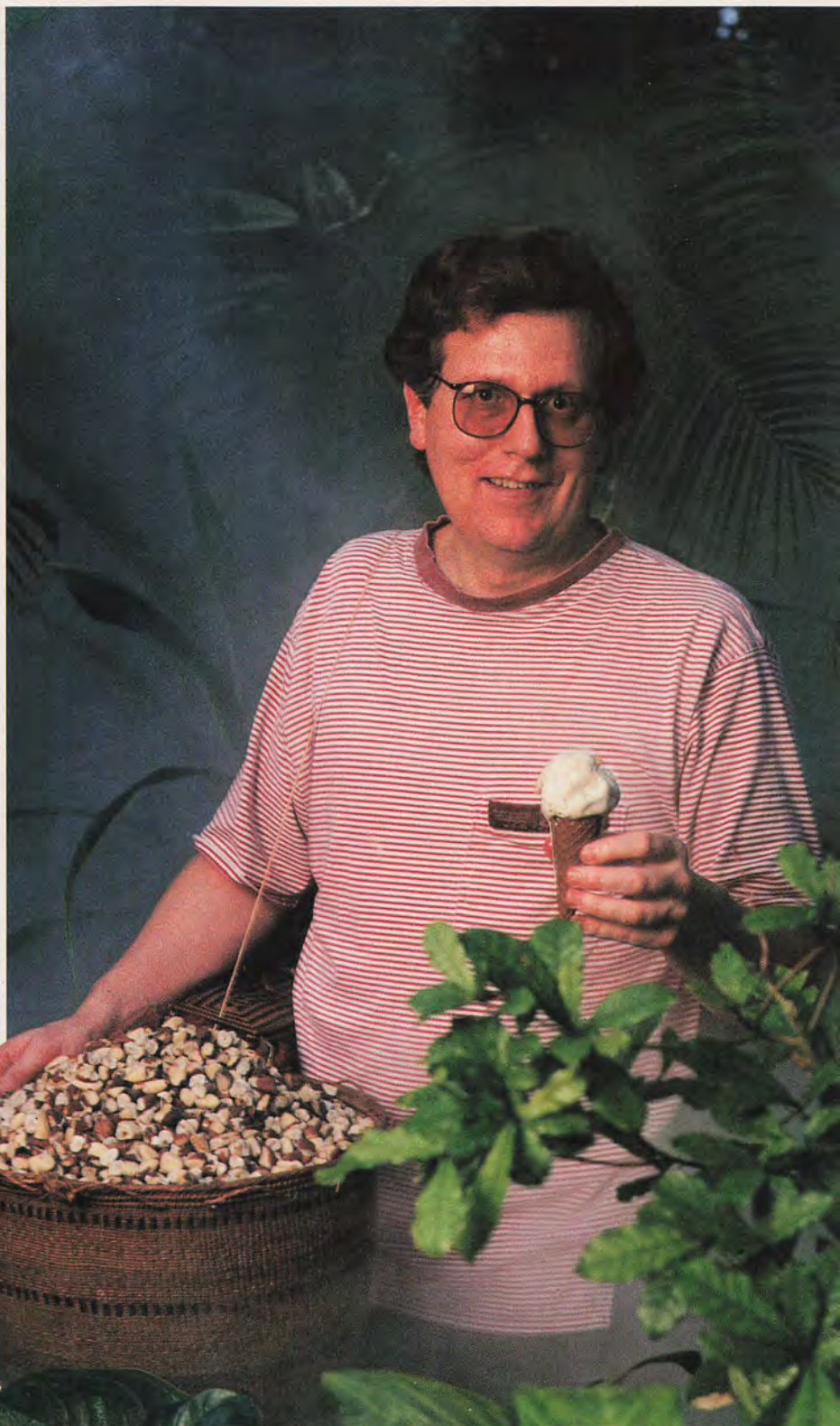
Jason Clay spends his 15-hour days shuttling between the yin and yang of the late 20th century: the Indians of the Amazon basin and the chiefs of giant corporations. Briefcase bulging with the produce of the rain forest, he prowls executive suites, convinced that the way to save the wilderness is to find markets for its bounty. "If we show consumers that they can support living environments with their dollars," he says, "then we're creating a new kind of awareness. And we don't have time to wait. We're losing a species a day in the rain forest." This embodiment of effective eco-activism is a visionary pragmatist who has no patience with conservation lawyers ("They put you to sleep") or idealists who want to fence in nature ("People have wire cutters"). Growing up poor on

Bigwigs are listening to this anthropologist's nutty idea: Save the rain forest by profiting from it

a small Missouri farm showed him "you just had to learn how to make things work." He earned a Ph.D. in anthropology at Cornell, taught at Harvard and worked as an analyst with the U.S. Department of Agriculture. At 39, he is both research director of Cultural Survival

Inc., a Cambridge, Mass., human rights organization devoted to threatened ethnic minorities (notably in Latin America and Ethiopia), and a nut merchant. He discovered his latest calling during a 1988 Grateful Dead benefit party at which he met Ben Cohen of Ben & Jerry's ice cream, an ardent environmentalist himself. Clay soon visited Ben & Jerry's Vermont plant with 50 pounds of nuts, fresh from Brazil, and stirred up a batch of Rainforest Crunch in Cohen's kitchen. The flavor (as ice cream and as candy) has been a hit ever since. "The amazing thing about Jason," says Cohen, "is he's working in the nonprofit sector, but he's extremely entrepreneurial." Clay returns virtually all the profit from produce sales to the forest people.

As he takes his vision into the corridors of corporate power—30 companies are interested, and the Body Shop chain will soon introduce cosmetics made with ingredients from the Amazon—Clay is still traveling a fast orbit. "I don't have time to be intimidated," he says. "I've got one shot, so I'm not going to lose it." ■





PAULA ABDUL

Her 16-year-old nephew thanks her for making him the most popular kid in school. Her 13-year-old niece passes out her phone number to friends. "I get these calls," says Paula Abdul in wonderment, "and when I answer, I hear these screams, 'Oh, God, it's her!'"

It is indeed, and not just on the phone these days. It's Abdul at the Emmys, being honored as choreographer for *The Tracey*

Ullman Show; Abdul on video, high-stepping the hits off her first LP; Abdul on TV, hawking Reeboks and Diet Coke in prime-time ads.

In a Cathode Age when careers can be measured in quick-cuts and camera blinks, the 5'2" cyclone in dance shoes has found a style that may well wear for a decade. If her vocals owe less to her pipes than to her

producers (she used six on her first LP), no matter. She is the most infectious pop dancer and choreographer to emerge since Michael put the moonwalk in orbit. Yet her moves are so robust and joyful, she makes dance seem down-to-earth, a communicative mode for all moods, as good for you as brushing your teeth. In fact Abdul does some of

her best work with toothbrush virtually in hand. "I wake up remembering certain things I've dreamed," she says, "and dance them out in front of the mirror before my shower, while still in my pj's."

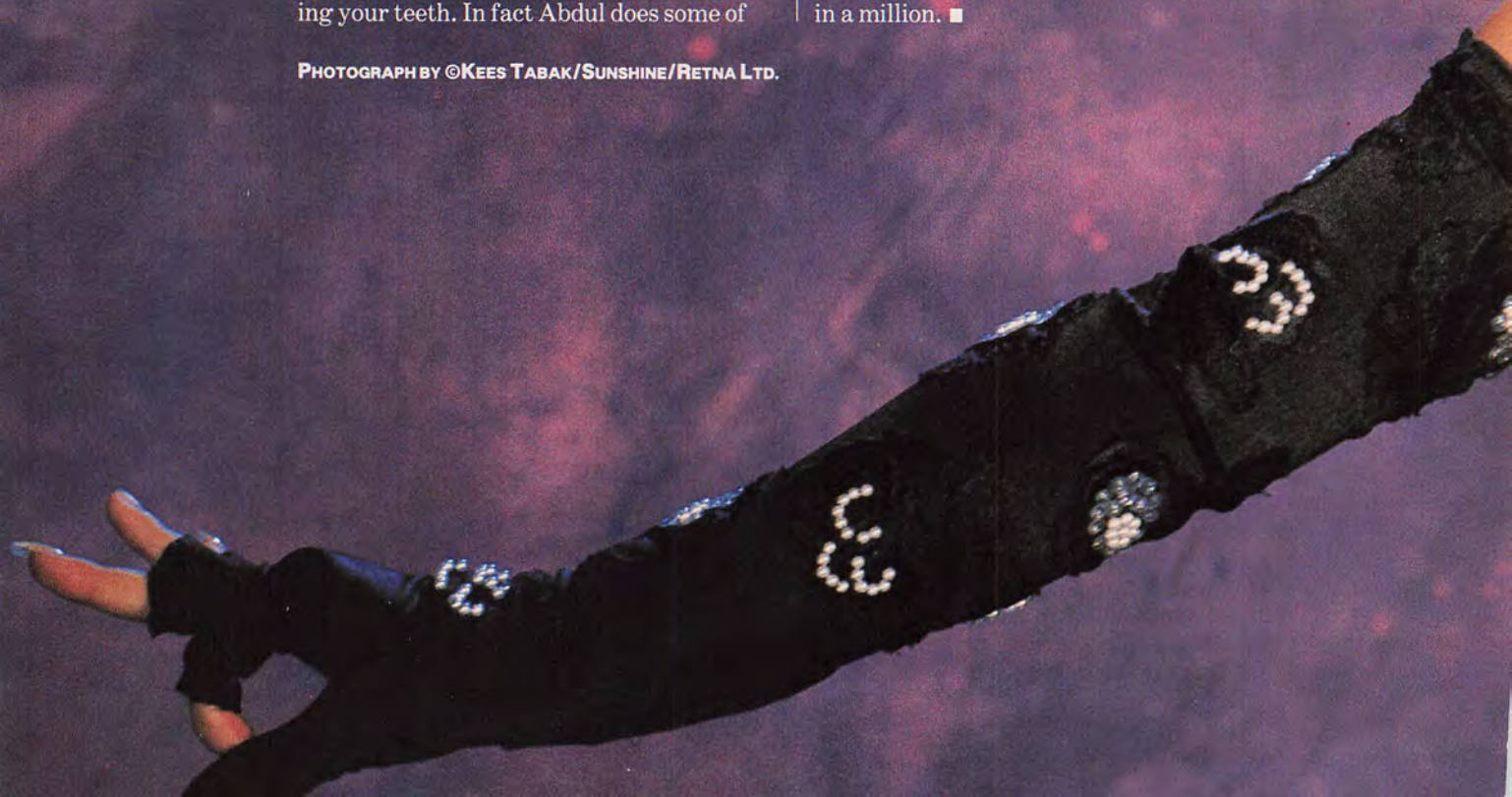
Born in the San Fernando Valley (to parents of Syrian-Brazilian and French-Canadian ancestry), Abdul, 26, found her vocation while viewing old MGM musicals on TV.

"I'd actually dream about being in scenes, singing and dancing with Gene Kelly," she says. Her own style—a blend of jazz, tap and street-slick funk—emerged later, at first in her hot-tempo cheerleader choreography as an L.A. Lakers Girl. Snatched off the court by video-conscious rock stars, she gave dance pointers to the Pointer Sisters, styled steps to make George Michael sexy and taught Janet Jackson the video moves that made her more than Michael's sister.

Now, with a new decade to dance into, Abdul is poised to pick up even greater velocity. There's a movie to choreograph (Oliver Stone's bio flick of the Doors), a second album coming (perhaps this summer) and enough job offers on the phone to keep even her niece from getting through. "My mother always said, 'Paula, girls trying to do what you want to do are a dime a dozen,'" says Abdul. Ah, but those who can do it are one in a million. ■

**A choreographer
with cheerleader pep
and spitfire soul,
she blazes the sizzling
steps pop stars follow
in the video vanguard**

PHOTOGRAPH BY ©KEES TABAK/SUNSHINE/RETNA LTD.





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At a time when our balding biosphere is in jeopardy, celebrities and civilians, architects and artists are dramatizing their concern and unearthing compelling new means of salvation

A Roguish Way to Express Rage

France's Robin des Bois rouses with fun, not fury

It's not *Babar Goes to the Left Bank*, but it seems almost as entertaining. With an unerring sense of theater, the papier-mâché pachyderms of Robin des Bois are kicking up dust along the boulevards of Paris. They have tusk-tusked heedless shoppers at ivory-purveying jewelry boutiques, trumpeted their opposition to a proposed damming of the Loire and herded together to support a trunkful of other ecological causes—even dispatching a delegate to Prince William Sound to survey the oil slick left by the *Exxon Valdez*.

Robin des Bois answers not so much to the Napoleonic Code as to the gallant, if roguish, example of its namesake, Robin Hood. When an ivory merchant could not be dissuaded from plying his trade, the group repeatedly padlocked his front door. Members stole public documents arguing the merits of an animal experimentation center and then saturated a replacement set with black ink. Says co-founder Marlène Kanas, 27: "[Robin Hood] did not always act legally, but he always acted legitimately."

Until now eco activism has worn a dire face: Earth Firsters accused of driving chain saw-chewing spikes into 300-year-old redwoods, Greenpeace jousting on the high seas with missile-firing submarines. In five years Robin des Bois has grown to 2,000 Gauls who hold that stagecraft and style can project the message better than taunts and terrorism, that wit is the soul of protest. When the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species added the elephant to its protected list in Lausanne, Switzerland, last year, three masked observers mounted the podium holding a sign that said simply THANK YOU. "We don't want to depress people with pictures of slaughtered elephants," says Kanas, "because depressed people don't have energy, and they need energy to help our cause."

Indeed, the planet enters the new decade under a cloud of despair: There is a sense that we have already ignited a chain reaction to ruin. But even as Armageddonists point to the perils of global warming, an army of concerned citizens is mobiliz-

ing across the U.S. and around the world to turn down the thermostat. The environmental movement has descended from the rostrums to the streets, the riverbanks, the corridors of city hall. Billion-dollar food companies are retooling their packaging, cities are recycling trash, and Hollywood, whose air, after all, has been fouled for years, is taking the message prime time. In America, where 75 percent of the population considers itself environmentalist, eco chic has become eco shout.

Meanwhile, Robin des Bois keeps searching for what its president, Jacky Bonnemains, 43, calls "positive alternatives." Its Paris boutique offers rejuvenated thrift-shop jackets, coats with faux-fur collars and trinkets made of tagua, a South American palm whose plum-size seed passes for ivory. Not haute couture, but just wait. Recent visitors included Christian Lacroix and Chanel model Inès de la Fressange. ■

► **President Jacky Bonnemains reconnoiters near Paris with his pachyderm provocateurs.**





Earthen Renewal Begins at Home

Fearing pollution, local activists are putting their feet down and fighting the power

While celebrities and scientists worry about the ozone, José Morales of New York City has a more local concern: residential pollution. "Who's going to live closer to the factory," he asks rhetorically, "the factory owner or the worker?" With toxins lurking right next door these days, Americans have begun a movement to re-green their own backyards.

For years street gutters in the Williamsburg section of

Brooklyn had carried caustic-smelling effluents from an adhesives factory. Under the tutelage of high school science teacher Morales, 28, students took samples of the runoff back to their lab and found them flammable and poisonous. When they also discovered a radioactive and hazardous wastes storehouse in their neighborhood, they banded together as the **TOXIC AVENGERS** and organized 100 neighbors for a protest march. Coming next:



BILL FOLEY

▲ "I knew something was wrong," says Avenger Rosa Rivera (center) at a waste site with Ramon Santiago (left) and Morales.

a town meeting to spur further community action.

In California, the **MOTHERS OF EAST LOS ANGELES** sued the state to halt construction of an incinerator in their Latino neighborhood. "It would have emitted chemicals bad for kids and pregnant ladies," says Juana Gutiérrez, 57, the mother of nine, who co-founded the group. Adds Aurora Castillo,

a sexagenarian campaigner: "We used to say we can't fight the government. But we *are* the government."

In a Chicano section of Albuquerque, N.Mex., **JEANNE GAUNA**, 43, analyzed a 1985 health survey and found that nearly all of her neighbors suffered rashes, respiratory problems or both. Discovering that sawdust from a nearby particle-board factory was tainted with formaldehyde, the community roused regulatory agencies to force the factory to limit its emissions.

Rural communities, too, are digging in. A fourth-grade class in Savannah, Mo., raised newts, turtles and catfish. But at the Missouri River tributary where they planned to release the 12 indigenous species, the children found the shore littered and the water polluted with soil runoff from an adjoining farm. They picked up the trash, planted hundreds of willows to hold the river banks and persuaded the farmer to stop plowing nearby. Teacher **SHERRI STRATING**, 41, applauds her students. "They really put some chal-

◀ "Nothing's more unjust to the minors of this country than pollution," says Graves (foreground) with fellow recyclers.



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lenges to me. One of my little girls says, 'We're the adults of the future. If nothing is done about this now, we're not going to have anything later.'"

Pat Bryant, 43, a Louisianian who heads the **GULF COAST**

TENANTS ORGANIZATION, estimates that a half billion pounds of toxic chemicals a year are spewed over a 75-mile strip between Baton Rouge and New Orleans. An 11-day march down "Cancer Alley" prodded 1989 legis-

lation to control emissions. Says Bryant: "The poisoned are the only ones with the power to stop the poisoning."

When the L.A. Board of Ed. rejected a recycling plan from North Hollywood High senior **ALLEN GRAVES II**, 18, he was incensed: "A planet is being stolen from 10 million teenagers." After calls, let-

ters and an impassioned plea, he got the board to reverse itself and for his efforts won the President's Environmental Youth Award. "Kids are always told what not to do," says Graves. "But when you tell them they can make a difference, you've created an incredible amount of energy." ■

Finding Luxury on The Scrap Heap

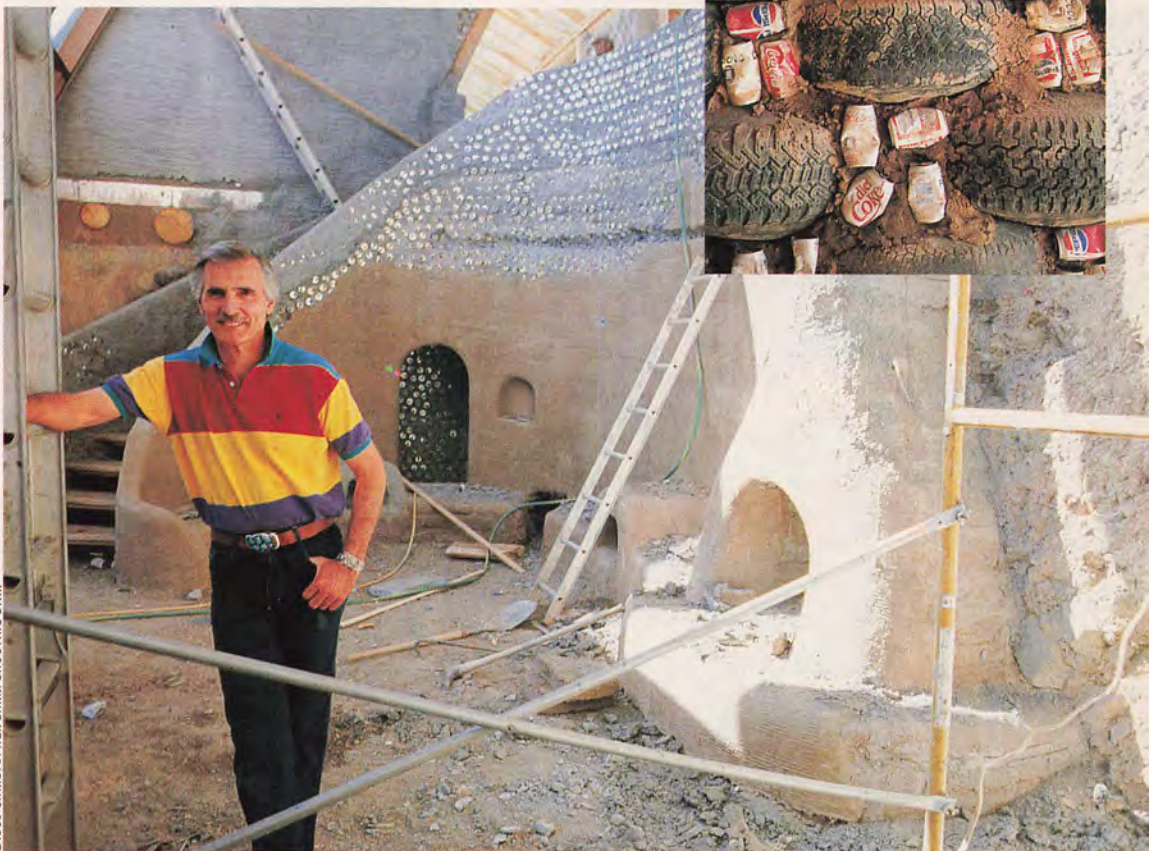
An ecological life has a cod-liver-oil reputation—good for you but gucky. In an 8,500-square-foot, \$500,000 home built into a hill near Telluride, Colo., actor **DENNIS WEAVER** gives living well its best revenge. Everything is run by the sun, including the hot tub and the pump operating the living-room waterfall. The house is not even hooked up to a power line. "You can live in the natural order without giving up convenience," says Weaver, 64, who expects to move into his Rocky Mountain hideaway this month. "This is a house you don't have to take care of—it takes care of you."

The hero of *Gunsmoke* and *McCloud* has taken to the limit the eco gospel of Reuse, Recycle, Reduce. His architect, maverick **MICHAEL REYNOLDS**, 44, who earlier built some 50 self-sufficient "Earth Ships" near Taos, N.Mex., says the very durability that causes automobile tires to be an ecological disas-

ter (247 million dumped in 1988) makes them ideal building blocks. In Weaver's pad, 3,000 old tires are packed with dirt, surrounded by more than 200,000 aluminum cans and covered with adobe. The three-foot-thick walls act as a thermal bat-

tery. "Dense mass stores temperature," Reynolds explains. "The more dense the mass is, the more temperature it stores." After a year of warming, the walls will hold a constant temperature of about 68°F winter and summer. A south-facing wall of glass (overlooking snow-capped peaks) brings the three-level house up to 70°F. Photovoltaic cells provide juice for lights. In the living room stand 300 square feet of planters for growing vegeta-

bles and fruit, irrigated by a system that filters runoff from five baths and a laundry. Says Weaver: "A good planet is hard to find. I'd like to leave it in good shape." ■



• "We wanted to show what can be done," says Weaver of his tire-and-can-studded solar home. There are guest quarters for politicians.

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Smartening Up Our Couch-Potato Chips

Do 6-year-olds know from pollution? No. Should they? Yes, say two television innovators

The *Golden Girls* are campaigning to save the wetlands, the *Murphy Brown* gang is banishing Styrofoam, and the *Head of the Class* dweebs are focusing gray matter on the greenhouse effect. Across Nielsen's America enviro-chic is in full sprout. Now two TV bigfoots—Muppetmaster Jim Henson and cable pioneer Ted Turner—are designing ecology-themed series to target the not-ready-for-prime-time audience. "Seventy-year-olds are not going to be affected by the rate the planet's being destroyed," says Turner. "But if today's kids don't do something about it in their lifetime, there's not much of a future for them." Henson agrees. "It's not like kids are going to change things this year," he says. "But maybe in 30 or 40 years, they'll be more concerned."

Turner's show is scheduled to debut late this year, Henson's in '91. By then, ABC will have broadcast its April 22 celebrity salute to the 20th Earth Day (hosts include Barbra Streisand and Kevin Costner), and CBS and ABC may have given the go-ahead to series pilots depicting environmental SWAT teams.

JIM HENSON is developing his still-untitled series for Disney, which bought his company last year. To be shown on the 5-million-subscriber, pay-cable Disney Channel, it's set in a TV station run by animals (aren't they all?) who will report on, and interact

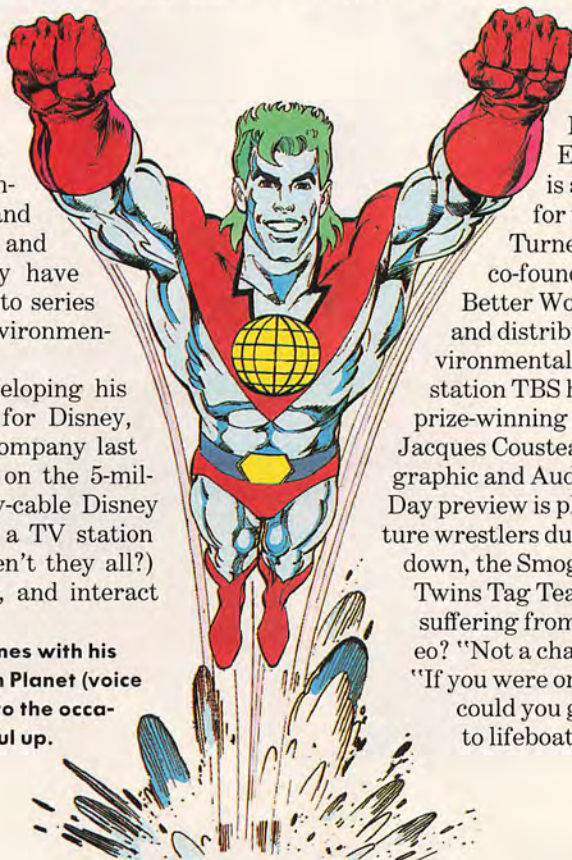
with, real-life species. "Preteens love animals," Henson says. "You can turn that interest into an awareness of problems in the world today." Henson has created all-new Muppets such as Ponce D. Lion, an anchor as irreverent as *Good Morning, Vietnam's* Adrian Cronauer, and Netty, a streetwise lizard. But expect to see Kermit the Frog back to remind us it isn't easy being green.

If that sounds a bit like *Marlin Perkins Moves to Sesame Street*, **TED TURNER's** animated superhero Captain Planet promises to be as subtle as a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle. Each week the crusader will combat no-goodniks like Looten Plunder and Sly Sludge, who deplete ozone, poach elephants, spill oil and spread dolphin-killing drift nets. Voices will be supplied by a surprising cast that includes Tom Cruise as the good Cap-

tain, Whoopi Goldberg as Earth spirit Gaia, and guest villains Richard Gere and Ed Asner. The show is a logical extension for the eco-aware

Turner. In 1985 Turner co-founded the nonprofit Better World Society to make and distribute programs on environmental issues, and Superstation TBS has long carried prize-winning nature series by Jacques Cousteau, National Geographic and Audubon. An Earth Day preview is planned that will feature wrestlers dubbed Mr. Melt-down, the Smog Hogs and Toxic Twins Tag Team. Are Americans suffering from a surfeit of eco video? "Not a chance," says Turner. "If you were on the *Titanic*, how could you get an overexposure to lifeboat drills?" ■

● **Jim Henson communes with his new co-stars. Captain Planet (voice by Tom Cruise) roars to the occasion when baddies foul up.**



PHOTOGRAPH BY
CHRISTOPHER LITTLE/
OUTLINE PRESS

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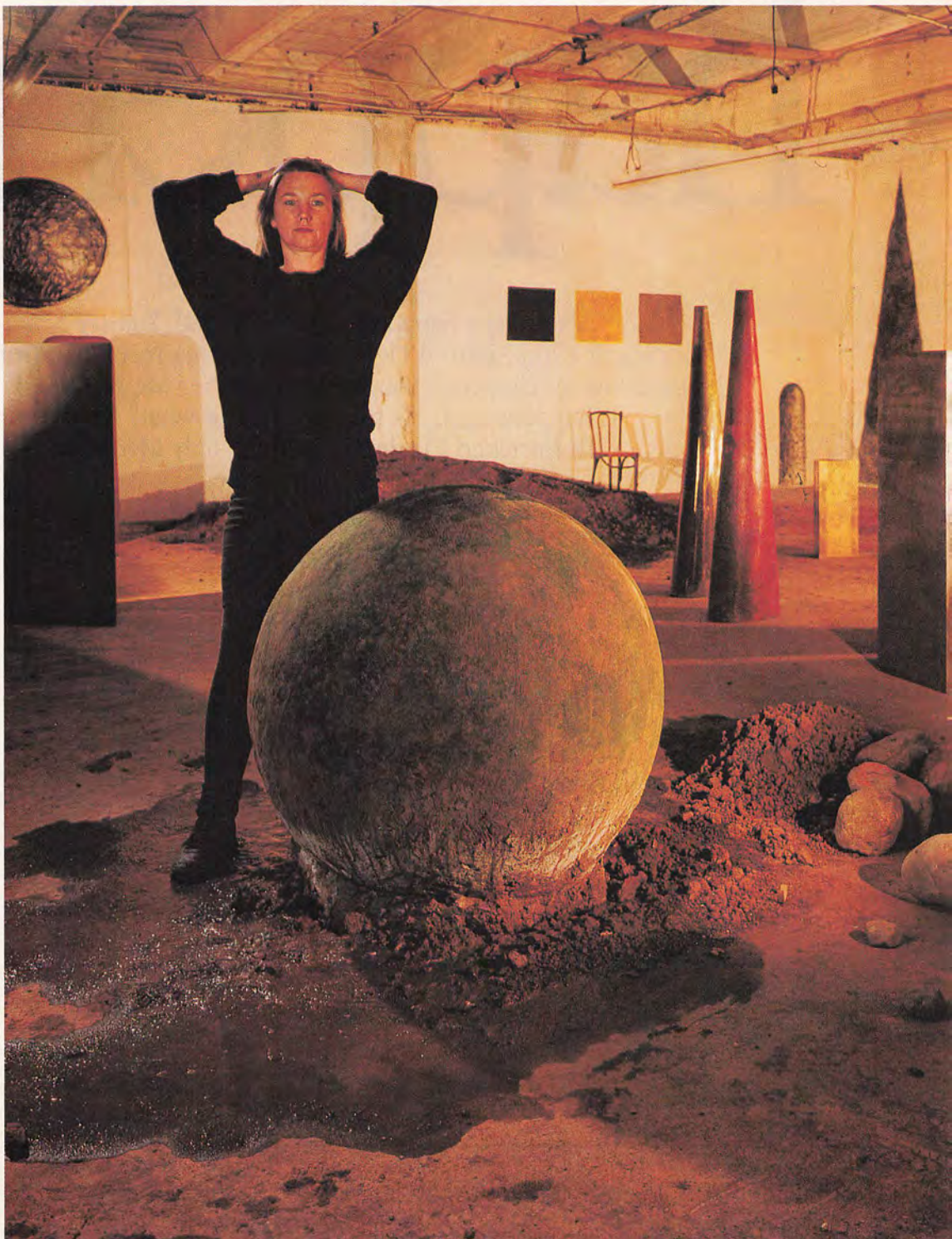
The Art of Saving the Planet

Two sculptors and a class of design students embrace a challenge that's anything but minimal

Mother Nature Is Her Medium

Method and mission meld in **MEG WEBSTER's** sculptures. Using such materials as lake water, moss and just plain dirt, she gives the natural world a mysterious dignity. In New York City's Whitney Museum last year, the artist with the green thumb showed a wetlands plant assemblage. At a SoHo gallery recently she installed a compost box acrawl with worms. "By taking these life-giving elements out of their context, I call attention to them," she says. The Virginia-bred daughter of an orthopedic surgeon and a housewife, Webster, 45, first experimented with earthworks at Yale, where she got her M.F.A. in 1983. A move to the metropolis only intensified her interest. "In New York there's a need to deal with natural materials because they're missing from your life," she explains. Environmental art, says Webster, is a response to these troubled times: "Once our culture experiences a complete sense of safety, perhaps there will be a rebirth of pure abstraction. But until then, you can't get away from the threat of the earth's annihilation." ■

► During a month of smoothing, Webster's one-ton ball of dirt (in her Brooklyn studio) grew a coat of moss and now requires watering.



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How One Artist Spells Relief

Part realist, part abstract exhibitionist, **BUSTER SIMPSON**, 47, has a way of making his world one big science-and-art project. His works are not only aesthetic but also politically eye-opening and earth-changing. His weather vane-powered sculpture smashes bottles for recycling; the dinner plates he left for three years under sewage outfalls in New York City and Puget Sound reveal their ravages; his giant limestone "antacid pills" sweeten as well as decorate the nation's waters.



▲ Buster Simpson prescribes his 43-pound limestone tablets for polluted rivers from the Hudson to Washington's Tolt (above).

While admitting he can't correct the planet's pH alone, Simpson says, "The melodrama makes a nice platform to talk about effluents."

He discovered the power of industrial poisons when he saw fish killed by the runoff from a sugar beet plant upstream of his boyhood home

in rural Michigan. After earning degrees in sculpture at the University of Michigan, Simpson turned to conceptual art. He has worked the last 16 years in Seattle, where he lives with his artist wife, Laura Sindell, and their daughter, Hillela, 2, but until last year he might as well have been howling in the wilderness. That year national recognition arrived when he filled a fountain at the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, D.C., with barrels, pipes, trees, 40,000 gallons of Potomac River water and 45 of his river Roloids, as he calls them. Ruled one critic: "It does make its point—and poetically." ■

Tomorrow's Designers Send an SOS Today

Clothing designers are pelting us with faux furs, surf shops are promoting save-the-ocean T-shirts, and now New York City's Fashion Institute of Technology has launched the most dramatic effort of all: a decade-long **SAVE OUR SURFACE** campaign. Undergraduates at the famed design hothouse (alums include Calvin Klein and Norma Kamali) leapt to the challenge, and endangered elephants, birds, big cats, reptiles and whales are already sweeping across wallpaper, bathing suits, beach towels and scarves. "Textile design has always been inspired by the animal and plant world, but I was really

sick of doing one more rose for no reason," says professor Susan Rietman, who initiated the project. "We're a very career-oriented school, but here's an assignment that has taken the students beyond that focus to bring a message." Indeed the SOS campaign is proving so successful that not only Rietman's textile department but also all 14,000 FITers will be sent to their drawing boards. Then, as manufacturers purchase the most marketable designs, the crusade will hit malls coast to coast. A large piece of the payoff is earmarked for Ted Turner's Better World Society. ■

► In hopes there will still be tigers in the wild when she graduates, FIT senior Analia Rodriguez put one on a jacket.





Stock your closet for the No-Rules '90s: bawdy duds in edible colors, stripes that dazzle, gym shorts that sparkle, jewelry that makes you think, shoes that make you happy and kids' clothes that make you bankrupt

Freedom Saunters into Style

Polar opposites, Isaac Mizrahi and Romeo Gigli lead a runway renaissance

Long or short? Fitted or full? Dressed up or down? Who cares? In the '90s those questions are as outmoded as the style dictums they recall. The first fashions for the new decade have strolled off the runway and into the stores, and already consumers from Paris to Pacific Palisades are registering the exciting—if unsettling—news: *There are no rules anymore*. One moment, clothes are stark and simple, the next, lavishly decorated. Now day is night, and night is day—with velvet adding verve to breakfast meetings, and sporty leggings giving dinner jackets a new kick. There's no method to the mania and no manual to get you through. "In the '90s," declares Norma Kamali, "trends won't exist as we know them. What makes for style? Humor, confidence and intelligence."

Welcome to the Age of Options. Fashion designers have declared a moratorium on "Think Pink" edicts. There is no universal hem length anymore. Everything is relative. The possibilities are endless. So, maybe it was easier in the '50s, when everyone had the same twinset and pearls. Even in the psychedelic '60s, blue jeans and beads offered the solace of a uniform. But by the time the '70s faded into the '80s, denim was part of the Ralph Lauren life-style, and there was a certain sameness to clothes everywhere. Power suits and Polo play clothes. Boring, boring, *bor-ing*.

In the fax-paced '90s, the distinguishing feature is personal style. "In the past we put together preconceived looks," says Sal Ruggiero, fashion director of Marshall Field stores. "Now the consumer is being forced to develop—and individualize—a sense of style."

Every era has its stylesetters, and in the last gasp of 1989 there was a historic split between youth and experience, as two young stars stole the limelight from the old guard. While Yves Saint Laurent, Giorgio Armani and Karl Lagerfeld are still masters of the artful cut, Romeo Gigli, 40, was the talk of Paris. His sumptuously dour designs have ignited a controversy and spawned an international fashion cult. In New York, Isaac Mizrahi, 28, wowed 'em with a display of



► Mizrahi (right) says, "I always insist on naive-looking clothes." His linen flower jacket (near left) sells for \$580, the pants \$320. The silk polka-dot coat (center) is \$4,450, the chemise \$250.

daring high spirits that hasn't been seen stateside in ages. Together they've brought fashion back to its roots—pure design. They are two for the future: imaginative, innovative and fearless. Visionaries who have common themes and uncommonly different approaches.

Call it a Madonna complex. Or clothes for the Ethereal Girl. But **ROMEO GIGLI**, high priest of the penitent look, has revolutionized fashion's shape and palette with his muted style. The fashion elite took one glance at his rounded, languid lines and were smitten. From his design base in Milan, Gigli, in effect, "got rid of shoulder pads around the world," says Susan Rolontz, editor of the *Tobé Report*, an influential industry newsletter. His soft statement cropped up in designer collections on both sides of the Atlantic, from Armani to Donna Karan.

Then he set off a craze for strange colors—ocher, mustard, mahogany—that has swept over everything from T-shirts to tube socks. Gigli's signature ethnic style is equally ubiqui-



● Gigli (below) designs with an air of refined fragility. Cotton-Lycra top (left) costs \$285, silk blend pants \$1,290, embroidered silk jacket \$7,820. Silk jacket (below) is \$2,640, linen-silk skirt \$2,380.



DIANE HUBERT (3)





tous, from his sari-inspired wrapped dresses, Middle Eastern notched necklines, Bohemian beaded scarves, Oriental pointy-toed shoes and this year's long, long, glass earrings that look like small mobiles and, yes, are called shoulder dusters. The copies, the clones, the knockoffs and look-alikes are on every sales rack and skinny back. Women wear his fashions from head to toe or collect the components piece by piece, pairing them with jeans and other outfits to get that Gigli look. "We sell Gigli clothes like popcorn," says Joan Weinstein of Ultimo in Chicago. That is mighty privileged popcorn—prices soar from \$900 for a jacket up to \$32,000 for one ankle-sweeping velvet coat.

From the moment Gigli (pronounced JHEE-lee) first exhibited that brooding elegance in 1984, his stripped-down style became a magnet for both devoted fans and diehard critics. Gigli's dreamy dresses—shoulder-baring tunics that appear to bind the body and restrict the legs—strike many observers as more outlandish and antiwoman than inspirational. Detractors also find his lush silk evening clothes and hand-embroidered velvet jackets too costumey and otherworldly—especially the prices. But his devoted followers defend his extravagances as ahead of their time. "His clothes are really cerebral—it's like wine, you have to learn to appreciate it," argues Ruggiero of Marshall Field. "Gigli presents a lot of shock value to the average American woman, but he also provokes her thought process."

Gigli, for his part, seems unperturbed by all the fuss over his singular sensuality. Extremely private and retiring, the still boyish designer never appears onstage after his shows and rarely ventures out in public with his girlfriend of seven years, Carla Sozzani, 42, a former editor at Italian *Vogue*. In person he is as composed and dignified as his clothes, expounding his philosophy in a voice that is just above a whisper. "I hate to conform," he says simply.

What does he hope his somber designs achieve? "I like to think that nobody is going to come up to a woman wearing one of my suits or blouses and chat her up inconsequentially." Not a chance.

Where Gigli's sense of style tends toward the spiritual, ISAAC MIZRAHI's belongs to the here and now. He designs for the woman on the go who wants easy, efficient, elegant clothes. His bold silhouettes, bright separates and whimsical touches—who else could make the anorak the height of fashion?—have reinvigorated American sportswear. "He's loosened up fashion tremendously and influenced a whole coterie of young designers," says Lynn Manulis, president of the trend-setting Martha boutiques.

"What defines a young look? Freedom of expression.

◀ "In the future—mine, at least—there will be no difference between day and evening clothes," asserts Mizrahi. His tartans, in a \$7,250 "jeweled" jacket (top left) or the \$395 "patio" dress, work under sun or stars.



M. CHANDOKA VALENTINO



PETER SERLING

▲ Trickle-down in action: Gigli's streamlined suit (top) costs about \$1,600. The look-alike beneath it, by EF, one of many Gigliesque creations on the market, comes off the rack for about \$300.



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1882



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LEAN ON LEAN CUISINESM

F A S H I O N

For the designer and the woman who wears it. It's an attitude that's going to become universal."

Mizrahi's basic seasonless sportswear and tongue-in-chic symbolize the contrasts that constitute '90s style. "The future is about being very clean or eclectic," asserts the energetic designer, who grew up in Brooklyn in a "semi-Orthodox" Jewish family and got into fashion apprenticing for Perry Ellis and later Calvin Klein. "Fashion is always about glorifying the figure, but now it will be polarized: You will want it to be very simple or very decorated." Extremes are in, be it a sleek unitard by day and sheer chiffon after dark, or the other way around. Anything goes.

The whole notion of adornment is also changing. Jewelry is becoming more sculptural and less cluttered. Stow those rhinestones and ropes of pearls. Echoing the themes of Gigli and Mizrahi, designer **ROBERT LEE MORRIS** is leading the way with his simple shapes, silver icons and matte gold finishes.

"What's important is purity of form over decorative surfaces," he explains. "Jewelry in the '90s has to have intelligence and content—a thought behind it. It has to be more than just a pretty bauble."

All fashion is moving into such uncharted frontiers. The hard, aggressive edge of the '80s is being replaced by a kinder, you-know-what slouch. Instead of handing down rules, the new decade will offer up themes: Femininity is in again, along with all the unisex Spandex. Simplicity serves, though not necessarily after dark. Change is being celebrated—if sometimes only for itself. But don't sweat it. Transitions are always difficult. Though the mixed messages might seem confusing, one fashion signal is coming through loud and clear: After a decade of taking our dressed-to-excess selves too seriously, it's time to relax, let our shirttails hang out and have a little fun. "Bawdiness," predicts Mizrahi. "It's coming back." ■



● "A piece of jewelry should make you want to look at it again and again," says Morris, whose mail-order catalogue prices range from about \$35 to \$2,000.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CO RENTMEESTER

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One Part Bach, Two Parts Vegas

When a woman puts on my clothes, I want her to feel excited and alive," declares **RANDOLPH DUKE**, 32. "That's why I design things that are graphic, direct, bold. They're 'now' clothes, and I price them so a woman won't feel guilty if she only wears them for one season." If Duke knows how to put the wow into now—from the dizzying optics of his striped separates to the pop of his canary-yellow cotton twill motorcycle jacket—well, he grew up in Las Vegas. "Everything Randolph does is a little bit heightened," says Lynn Manulis, president of the Martha boutiques. "His fringe is *giant* fringe, his collar is a marvelous deep collar that embraces you."

Duke, who trained for 10 years to be a concert pianist before switching to fashion, calls his work "dramatic, but not daring. I believe in classic looks," he says. "I just think it's time to redefine them—by altering a silhouette, for instance, or by adding a whimsical button or using an unexpected fabric or color. I don't believe that everyone lives life like a Ralph Lauren ad," he continues. "It's a wonderful sales concept, but it's not real. Change is what inspires me." ■

● Duke with his latest: top photo, cotton twill blazer, \$300, and coat, \$400. Three studies in cotton-Lycra: left, striped top, \$160, capri pants, \$80; center, quilted jacket, \$310, pants, \$150; right, jacket, \$280, skirt, \$150.

MICHAEL A. SMITH

THOMAS HOLDORF





Putting a *Finis* to Highbrow Fancy

Mark McNairy and Antoinette Linn have had it with fashion that is so sophisticated that, as McNairy says, "regular people can't wear it." That's why the husband-and-wife team decided to name their two-year-old sportswear line **FINIS**—Latin for, well, enough already. "We're not out to create new shapes, to come up with a jacket that has a pocket where there's never been one before," explains Linn, 29. "What's important to us," chimes in McNairy, 28, "is that our things can be worn a million different ways." The purse-friendly (generally below \$200) Finis style is part preppy and part vintage ("Most of our ideas come from flea markets," says McNairy), with an infusion of earthy African prints ("I don't know how much more people can take of these high-tech looks," adds Linn). The couple—she's from Mississippi, he's from North Carolina—quit fashion sales and merchandising jobs to launch Finis with \$2,000 of their own money and are keeping it a family business.

"We don't want backers," says McNairy. "We don't want to have to answer to other people. We're just doing things we like and hoping other people like them too." So far there's no finis in sight. ■

◀ McNairy sports a T-shirt, Linn a \$160 cotton jacket and \$90 skirt, the mannequin a \$150 tank dress. Willy's au naturel.

Cheap Thrills from Sensible Soles

Three years ago Sam and Libby Edelman were running Esprit's shoe division and trying to peek around the corner at the style needs of the '90s. "We looked at ourselves," says Libby, "and what was overwhelmingly clear was that we had bills coming from everywhere—nursery school, entertaining, you name it. And we thought there must be other people out there who, like us, can't or won't spend lots of money on fashion."

So, combining his marketing savvy (Sam, 37, is scion of a promotionally ingenious shoe manufacturing family) and her design flair (Libby, 36, is an alum of fashion magazines and Calvin Klein), the California couple founded **SAM & LIBBY** shoes.

They craft colorful, comfy flats and heels that—at \$18 to \$40 a pop—appeal both to whimsy and wallet. In 1988, their first year on the market, 2 million women became customers. Last year retail sales topped \$50 million. The shoes are made in Brazil and Taiwan, where low-cost labor and high-quality leather are plentiful.

"Because of how and where we manufacture, there's no difference in longevity or quality between a \$35 pair of our shoes and anyone else's \$80 pair," claims Sam. "And at our prices, women can afford to be daring." ■

● Sam and Libby have cause for economy: Jesse, 7, Callie, 4, Max, 6 months. (Above, \$38 suede pumps.)



TONY COSTA/OUTLINE PRESS (2)

Sequins Catch Fire and Eyes

For hanging out or going out, a little dazzle will do you in this new decade of irreverence

Since they first became popular in the 1940s, sequins have been the shady lady of fashion—expensive, slinky and frivolous. But in the decade just begun, declare two young designers, sequins will supply smart sparkle at work, the mall, virtually anywhere.

Sequined clothes “are conversation pieces. They give you a zap,” says Jeanette Kastenberg, 28 (whose labels bear only her first name). “Why wear them only in the evening? Why not get up in the morning and put on something that’s going to make your day?” Stretching tradition like a length of Spandex, **JEANETTE** stitches her sequins onto swimsuits, gym shorts, jumpers and bolero jackets. “I’m very playful; I want to have a good time and that’s what my clothes are,” says the Montreal native, who began her New York City career as a fashion-house receptionist. “Who says it’s outta whack? It looks right. It’s fun. I say, ‘What is fashion? It’s what

looks good on you.’ ” Free-thinking converts to the Jeanette message include Deborah Harry, Jessica Lange and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Indiana-born **C.D. GREENE** says he designs his shimmering body-hugging dresses for “a woman who is 25 or even 55 and doesn’t want to look like her daughter but does want to look contemporary and exciting while not spending an extraordinary amount of money.” Before switching to fashion, Charles Dennis Greene, 32, studied art and architecture at the Art Institute of Chicago, a discipline that imbued him, he says, “with a real feel for sculptural shapes.” He gives his clothes a smooth, flattering fit (“I work with pattern-makers very closely”) and dots them with small round silver paillettes or mirrors in various sizes. “These clothes should absolutely be worn day-into-evening,” he urges. “Have fun with your clothes. Rotate them. It makes you not take fashion quite so seriously.” ■





◀ "This is not glitz; it's a dose of life," says Jeanette (center) of sequined creations like her \$900 unitard (left), \$1,020 flag jean jacket, the \$500 biking shorts and \$300 pouch. Would you believe that Barbara Bush sports a version of the flag jacket?

▼ To turn P.M. shimmer into A.M. shine, suggests C.D. Greene (center), "wear the paillette skirt [right] with a T-shirt and blazer." Round-the-clock reflective types might try the \$950 dress (left) or the paillette hip skirt and bra top, for \$1,300.



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The Word to Men: Hang Looser

Meet the diametrical dudes who suit Gumbel, Nicholson, Bernsen and Springsteen

They're the antipodal pillars of the new men's fashion. **JOSEPH ABBOUD** designs for the corporate boss, while **RONALDUS SHAMASK** counts among his customers the Boss—Bruce Springsteen. But the uptown dandy and the downtown dude—both are based in New York City—share a credo of practicality and versatility. Both emphasize soft jackets constructed with only a light canvas foundation (or none at all) that look as smart with T-shirt and jeans as with a silk tie.

Like his onetime employer Ralph Lauren, Abboud, 39, relishes clothes that “look like they have character and heritage.” That sentiment is shared by swells like *Today's* Bryant Gumbel, whose Abboud wardrobe often upstages that of even his clotheshorse co-host. But this Boston-born designer of Lebanese descent is not content simply to rehash history. “I redevelop the past for the future,” he says. “Men have lived in very narrow confines. In the next decade,

they'll see a huge change in what ‘traditional’ means.” Abboud's definition melds American ease and European flair: broad, sloping shoulders; full pleated pants; nonvented jackets; earthy colors; and unexpected fabric mixes, such as a linen shirt with a suede vest. Says Marshall Field chairman Philip Miller: “Joseph Abboud has updated the establishment look for the modern establishment.”

Shamask, 44, has, meanwhile, adorned clients from Jack Nicholson to Corbin Bernsen with a casual style he calls postclassic. His simple dramatic shapes and off-beat, usually solid colors (eggplant, anyone?) have marked him as a visionary. Yet the look is never bizarre. “I know as much about designers as the next guy who plays football, but I like Shamask's clothes because they're comfortable,” says L.A. Raider defensive end Howie Long. Ideas come “from friends and people I see in the street,” explains the Dutch-born designer, who has just started his own firm for the fall '90 season. “Clothes shouldn't look contrived,” he sums up. “I love the power of simplicity.” ■

◀ Abboud (left) models his \$700 vicuña sport coat and \$250 linen pants; Shamask pairs his \$700 linen jacket and \$400 sweater with jeans.



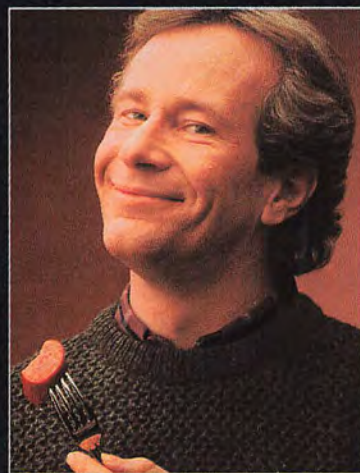
DAN LECCA

● One of Abboud's hallmarks is the “odd” vest, like this \$475 suede job (above). Shamask is known for monochromatic schemes and for tucking \$400 sweaters into pants (below). Both designers eventually plan lower-priced lines.



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Synthetic Fabrics Will Be a Natural

The biggest fashion breakthrough of the '90s is less apt to spring from a runway in Paris than from a laboratory in Wilmington, Del. Without fanfare, Du Pont, among other mills, has been concocting synthetic "performance" fibers that dramatically improve on the natural—and will no longer carry the déclassé stigma of polyester.

CALVIN KLEIN signaled designer acceptance of these new test-tube textiles with a \$1,250 quilted dress parka made from the most sophisticated so far: microfiber, which is softer and more luxurious than silk. **DONNA KARAN** is also known to be experimenting with this revolutionary new chemistry, first stretched by the demands for superior athletic wear.

A precursor was Lycra (1960), now finally elevated from bathing suits to evening gowns. "It gives a wonderful sleek look," says Randolph Duke, who features it in jumpsuits and turtle-necks. Du Pont's four-year-old Supplex, a cottony nylon billed as "stronger than steel," is also suddenly chic. "I used to be opposed to synthetics," confesses designer **DIANNE BEAUDRY**, whose new collection includes Supplex chemises and bodysuits. "But the great selling point of Supplex is that it won't fall apart."

By 1999, labs expect new fibers that, in one garment, will keep you warm in win-

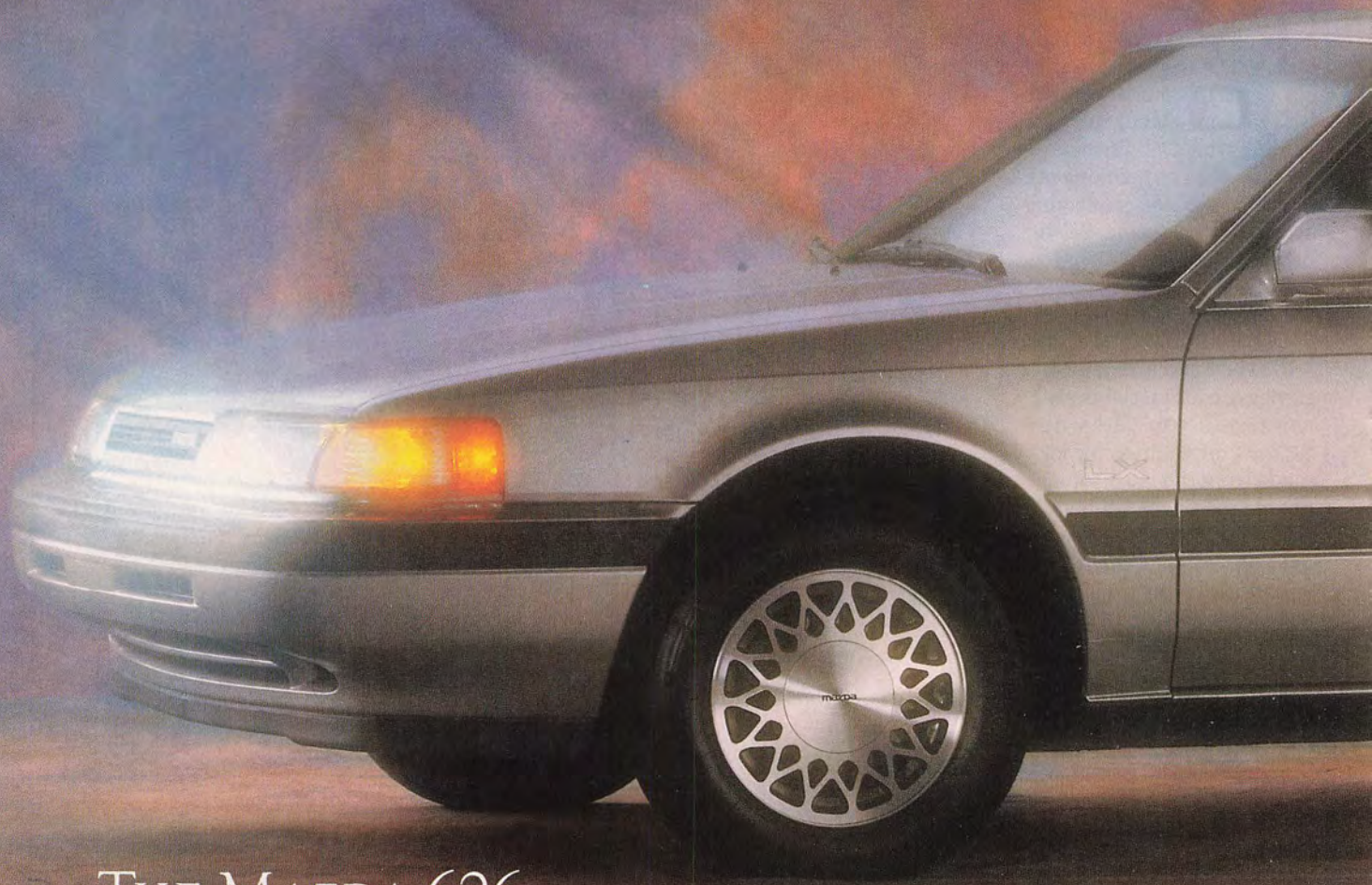
ter, cool in summer. New dyes could enable people to change the color of a jacket at will—thus, you might pack one for a trip instead of two or three. Some novelty kids' clothes already have coatings that turn different shades in water or at different air temperatures.

"Once people experience the new synthetics, they won't want to wear anything else," promises forecaster David Wolfe. He may not be far off. At a recent European trade fair, a sales rep was overheard promoting a new natural weave as "cotton with a microfiber feel." ■

▼ **Made of Supplex and Lycra, this \$190 stretchy red chemise by Dianne Beaudry has the feel of sueded chamois.**



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Dutch Treats for Splurging Parents



OLILY'S BY (3)

▲ **Hollanders Willem and Marieke Olsthoorn create in an unlikely setting: a former cheese storehouse and brewery.**

▼ **Known for girls' garb like this \$85 skirt and \$21-\$24 T-shirt, Oilily makes a boys' line, too: shirts \$65-\$75, shorts \$75-\$80.**

No matter that wee sweats cost \$100 and teeny dresses fetch twice that. Parents in 35 countries—and now, belatedly, the U.S.—have found it impossible to resist the kaleidoscopic hues and textured fabrics of children's clothes from the Dutch label **OILILY**. (The name rhymes with Boy Billy.)

The appeal is "a wonderful combination of colors and prints," says *Cosby Show* costumer Sarah Lemire, who has put Huxtable cuties Keshia Knight Pulliam and Raven Symoné in Oilily dresses. When textile engineer Willem Olsthoorn, 51, and his wife, Marieke, 49, a designer, founded the label 26 years ago, however, the world wasn't ready for their

chromatic capers. "Baby clothes were pink and blue, and we made completely different colors," recalls Willem. "People slapped their knees laughing. At the end of the '60s, we had just 15 items in our line."

With 200 employees now turning out 200 styles and projected sales of \$90 million by next year, the Olsthoorns got the last giggle. Indeed they have established a legal department to stop plagiarists. Increasing amounts of their revenue are coming from their new U.S. boutiques after a failed department-store foray in the early '80s. Oilily—a spin on his nickname, Olly—is now thriving in Southampton, N.Y., Boston, Chicago and Aspen, with more franchises planned in Beverly Hills and Washington, D.C., by fall.

Parents of four, including identical twin girls now 23, the Olsthoorns dismiss the prevailing notion that tykes should dress like miniadults. Instead their designers create whimsical, pull-on pieces meant to mix any which way and be worn to school, parties or—for the truly extravagant—the playground.

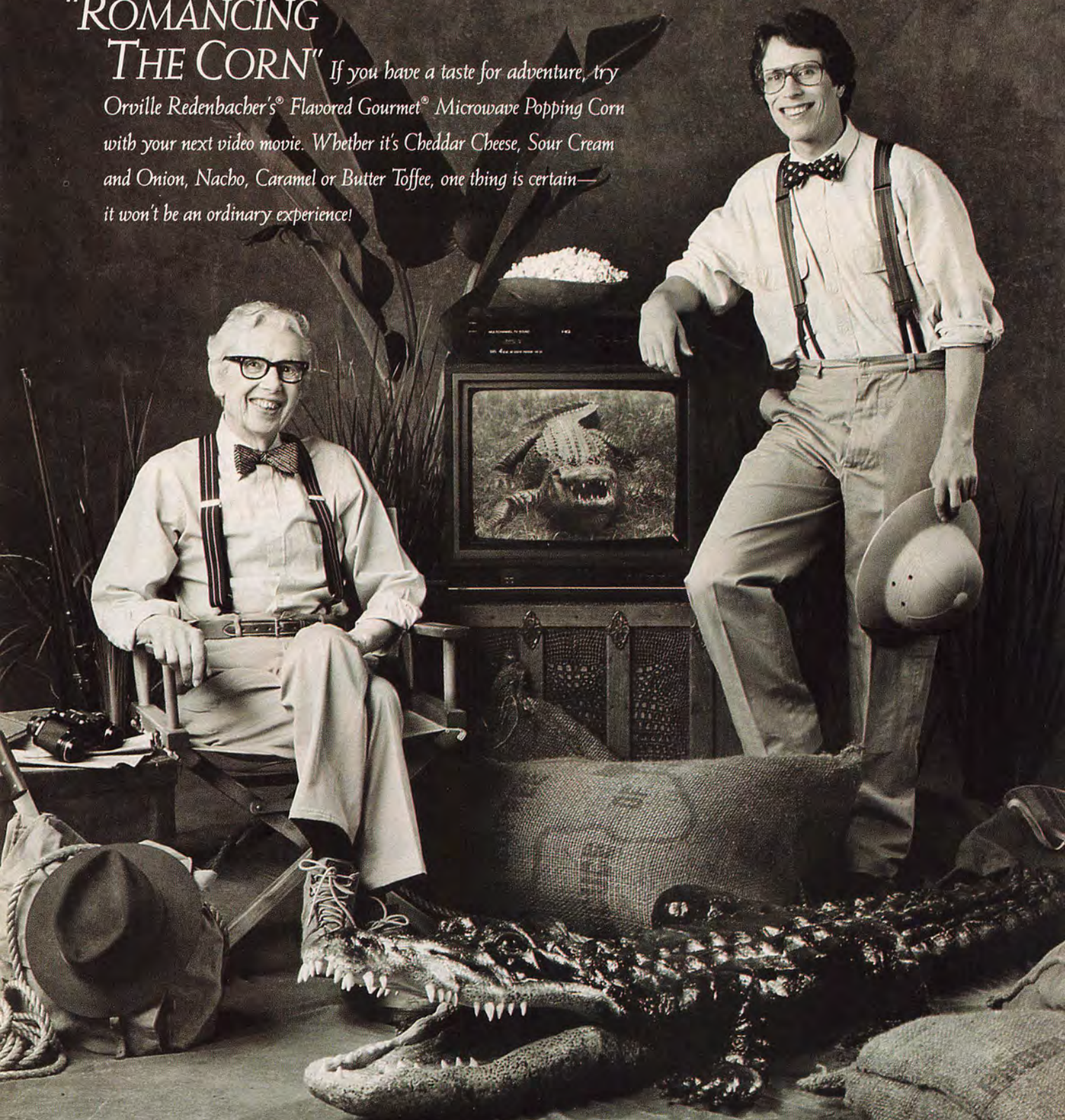
About 16,000 fan letters a year testify that "children are establishing their own sense of style," says Willem. And spreading it. Oilily launched a women's line a few years back after moms started scarfing up large girls' sizes. Last December, after stocking up on pants, skirts and sweats for daughter Alexa Ray Joel in the Aspen outlet, Christie Brinkley couldn't help indulging in a few adult-size jerseys for herself. ■

▼ **Power-packed prints are an Oilily signature. Here they adorn cotton dresses—\$140-\$160, depending on fabrics.**



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Banishing Cookie-Cutter 'Burbs

Two of America's most forward-looking town planners are putting front porches, stroll-able streets and old-fashioned neighborliness back on the map of suburban America



They are hired guns who ride into town ready for a fight—but what they're fighting is the status quo. "Americans don't live as well as they deserve to," charges planner **ANDRES DUANY**, 40. "The problem is the suburbs." Convinced that rows of identical split-level homes on quarter-acre lots are less the American dream than a nightmare on Elm Street, Andres and his wife and partner, **ELIZABETH PLATER-ZYBERK**, 39, log 200,000 miles a year preaching the gospel of small towns with town squares and thoroughfares designed as much for walking as for driving. "The trouble with the American suburb is that every human function requires an automobile," says Duany. "What you get are regions with the traffic congestion of a metropolis and the culture of a farm town."

In the '80s the Miami couple's message began catching on with lawmakers, environmentalists and real estate developers. Now they are designing new towns—places like Kentlands, Md., and Blount Springs, Ala.—at the rate of one a month. In the '90s, when their plans come to fruition, they will be recognized as the most influential American town planners in decades—or ever.

America's last superstar town planner, William Levitt, created the towns Duany and Plater-Zyberk love to hate: "lifeless" cookie-cutter Levittowns that force people to inhabit identical-looking streets and keep rich and poor, young and old, from meeting.

◀ **Florida architects Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk and Andres Duany are missionaries of the small-is-beautiful message.**

What's their solution? Putting an enlightened developer's money where their mouths are, Duany and Plater-Zyberk turned Seaside, an 80-acre stretch of Florida's Panhandle, into a town where houses sit close to the street and have front porches (to encourage dropping by) and everyone lives near enough to the commercial center—a traditional town square—to walk or bike there. Before construction began in 1982, Seaside's defining features were formalized into a code—a set of construction rules—that has served as a kind of architectural DNA for the development and all its progeny. The code prescribes take-a-stroll proportions ("We found that 1,300 feet is the distance people will walk to shop, rather than drive," says Duany) as well as friendly low picket fences, brick-paved roads (for visual interest), green space for children and footpaths to the commercial center. But individual dwellings are allowed to look, well . . . individual.

Seaside has brought the



©STEVEN BROOKE (2)

▲ **Picket fences lend a tidiness to the couple's showcase village of Seaside on the Florida Panhandle's Gulf coast.**

▼ **Houses at Seaside are set back from the water to enhance views and foster socializing on the walk to the beach.**





© STEVEN BROOKE

▲ Seaside, with about 150 densely clustered residences so far, is planned to grow to 350. Lot prices have appreciated fivefold in eight years.

▼ The planners establish guidelines, but “when you do all the buildings, it’s dull,” says Duany. So they have other architects design the individual homes.



ROBERT M. OVERTON

team both prestige (even Prince Charles hired them to formulate a code for the English village of Poundbury) and financial success. Though they help shepherd the towns through the approval process (which can take years, because their code often clashes with local zoning), they leave the design of actual buildings to others. No mere architects, they are poised to become designers of a new American way of life.

In their quest, both had good models to draw from. The daughter of Polish immigrants, Plater-Zyberk was raised in Paoli, Pa. In Poland her father had been an architect, her mother a landscape architect. The four children grew up drawing, but only the youngest, Elizabeth, she recalls, “drew interior house plans at age 8.” Duany spent his childhood in Cuba, where his father was a prosperous developer. The family moved to Barcelona after Castro came to power, but Andres, like his father, earned his bachelor’s degree from Princeton. As undergraduates there in 1970, Elizabeth and Andres became acquainted. They met again at the Yale Grad-

uate School of Architecture in 1972. Says Andres: “I thought she was incredibly cool.”

Duany and Plater-Zyberk, who married in ’76, will never be anyone’s idea of a fun couple. Elizabeth is “competitive and aggressive,” says Duany, conceding that he himself is “a workaholic.” They both carry cellular phones, put in 16-hour days and take two cars to meetings, in case one of them has to dash off to another appointment. Many weekends are spent at the University of Miami: Their urban planning students—the couple’s surrogate children—are both exasperated and impressed by their celebrity professors, who are brainy, inspirational and almost always out of town. Even a jaunt through their Coral Gables neighborhood has a business purpose, with Duany pacing off the width of a street. He prefers narrow ones, which force speeding motorists to slow down. That’s something Andres and Elizabeth may never do themselves, although their goal is to help America take it easy. Says Elizabeth: “In our towns, people will enjoy their lives more.” ■

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Inspiration from Out of This World

The son of a health department functionary and the grandson of a farmer, **MASSIMO IOSA GHINI** grew up in Bologna, Italy, chafing in what he calls "a very sober, very proletarian background." His escape was futuristic comic books—whose swoop and splendor soon provided him with an aesthetic he has ridden like a rocket.

At 30, Iosa Ghini is Italy's new design darling, creating furniture, housewares, entire rooms that look as if they were launched from a Buck Rogers space lab. In effect, they were. Before he received his degree in architecture from the University of Milan, Iosa Ghini drew for

a sci-fi Italian strip called *Frigidaire*, where, he says, "I would try my design ideas to see how they looked. It was a way for me to evolve my vocabulary of forms."

Today, his fanciful, spiraling objects—the only straight line he follows is the highway between his studios in Bologna and Milan—circle the globe: sofas and laser-cut crystal vases in the U.S., sinuous lamps in Japan, tableware in France, offbeat eyeglass frames in Austria. This season he is incubating such design motifs as "the apple, the color green, mirrors" to devise a new decor for 50 outlets of the hip, Italy-based clothier Fiorucci.



COURTESY MASSIMO IOSA GHINI

A suave sort who favors soft corduroys and leather jackets and shares a simple Bologna apartment with his publicist wife, Milena, Iosa Ghini became a star in the '80s with Ettore Sottsass Jr.'s trendsetting Italian design group, Memphis. In his home country Iosa Ghini has become leader of a cabal of visionary artists, architects and interior designers known as the Bolidists (from *bolide*, Italian for shooting

star). "The old myths of 'less is more' and 'form follows function' have been shattered," he declares. If the classic '80s desk lamp was Richard Sapper's cantilevered black Tizio—a triumph of spare angularity—the '90s



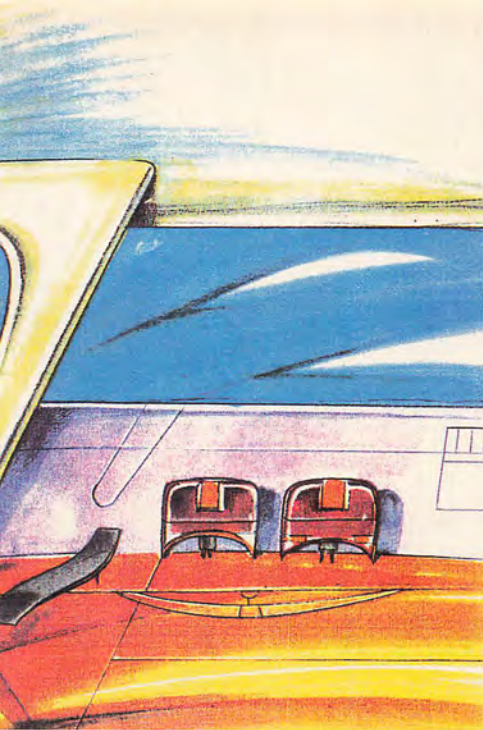
● "I don't want to make things that are from the past or from the future; I try to make objects tied to our epoch," says Iosa Ghini, on his "Newton" couch. His "Disco 16" stool (below) costs \$395 in leather.



PALAZZETTI (3)



ALESSANDRO PADERNI



will bring a return to evocative shapes, Iosa Ghini predicts. "I don't mean there will be useless things stuck onto lamps," he says. "But the lamp-as-balloon and lamp-as-whatever is a trend that will evolve." ■

● The designer often sketches interiors (above) to "discover spaces and objects" that may find an application later. The \$2,220 leather armchair (left) is sold in the U.S. by Palazzetti. A French firm plans to use his ice cream cart (below) for street vending.



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A Welcome Kind of Global Warming

As in Goldilocks, the '80s were too soft or too hard. Now here come the '90s—juuust right

There came a point in the '80s when you could swear that the hot designer was Darth Vader. Everything from coffee makers to typewriters was black, glinting and brutal. Even the simplest stereo looked primed to launch a nuclear attack against something small and defenseless—probably you. (No wonder people spent so much time in restaurants; staying home was too scary.) Inevitably there came a counter-trend: the ersatz traditional look, via Ralph Lauren or Laura Ashley. It all made you dream of sitting by the fireplace with your collie—especially if you didn't have a fireplace and a collie.

So if you are tired of trying to mix morbid electronics and lace doilies, we have good news. The designs of the '90s will find a balance between the starship *Enterprise* and Miss Marple's cottage. The idea is to produce objects both rational and sensuous. You'll see plenty that's plump and curvy, with no hard edges to nick the kids or scrape the tired bones of old baby boomers. And lots that's burnished, softly glowing and—could it be?—comfortable. Before you peruse the items on these pages, why don't you stash the tubular steel furniture? Forget the hard chairs. Bring out the easy ones. ■



◀ Forget user-friendly. In the '90s, home technology will be user-cuddly, like this \$34.95 Zelco Double Plus calculator that has more grabbable curves than Jessica Rabbit. Chicago industrial designer DONALD BOOTY JR., 34, says that when his firm embarked on the project, "We were struck by the fact that the electronics in calculators was state of the art but that the ergonomics wasn't." Snuggle the Zelco in your palm, and it practically begs you to run your magic fingers up and down its vivid buttons.

COURTESY HAMMACH SCHLEMMER

▲ SAYZIE CARR says it's curtains for you. Actually it's drapery—all over the damn place. The Manhattan-based decorator drapes windows, ceilings, walls and tired furniture in billows of fabric, from

\$3-a-yard cotton muslin to \$50-a-yard pure silk (her fees start at \$200 a window, fabric extra). "Silk lasts 25 years," she says. "Muslin could last 10." The wrappings need to be cleaned every year or so,

but clients can learn to rehang them without her. "I treat the fabric as sculpture," says Carr, 36, who was trained as a painter. This must be what people mean by wrap artists.



◀ You've heard of revival tents. Get ready for the tent revival. The scalloped structures of artist-designer BILL MOSS, 66, are made from flexible aluminum poles threaded through nylon mesh fabric. They can serve as carports, pool houses, undulating gazebos, store canopies, whatever, and cost \$150 to \$500. (He's now making one large enough to serve as a church for an Episcopal congregation in San Francisco.) The fabric repels water, admits air and keeps out anywhere from 20 percent to 80 percent of the sunlight. Moss, who is currently working at the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation in Scottsdale, Ariz., expects his tents to blow into your mall by late 1991.



CLAIRE DISHMAN

◀ There's nothing wrong with overhead lighting, and, yes, it does encourage conversation—in police interrogations. The other problem is that when you rheostat it up, overhead makes guests look like they rose from the dead. These copper lamps, on the other hand, cast a rosier luminescence, some of it through patterned perforations and stained-glass in the shades. CLAIRE DISHMAN, 29, started making them three years ago, after a local psychic told her she should be working in metal. "The lamps are atmospheric," she says. "They're like pieces of jewelry at night." Prices range from \$300 to \$2,000. Luminary purchasers like Sandra Bernhard, Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster now regard copper as the only way to glow.

▶ Ancient Romans and later medieval folk ate and drank from it. Colonial craftsmen made tableware from it. Now pewter is again the metal of the moment. Instead of the harsh glint of aluminum and polished brass, pewter has a lovely low luster and a venerable feel even in new designs like these by LISA JENKS (prices range from about \$65 for the letter openers to \$155 for the trapezoidal picture frame with round opening). "People want a little refuge when they come home," says the 32-year-old Manhattan jewelry designer, who also conjures a pewter teapot for \$185. "They want things to be cozier."

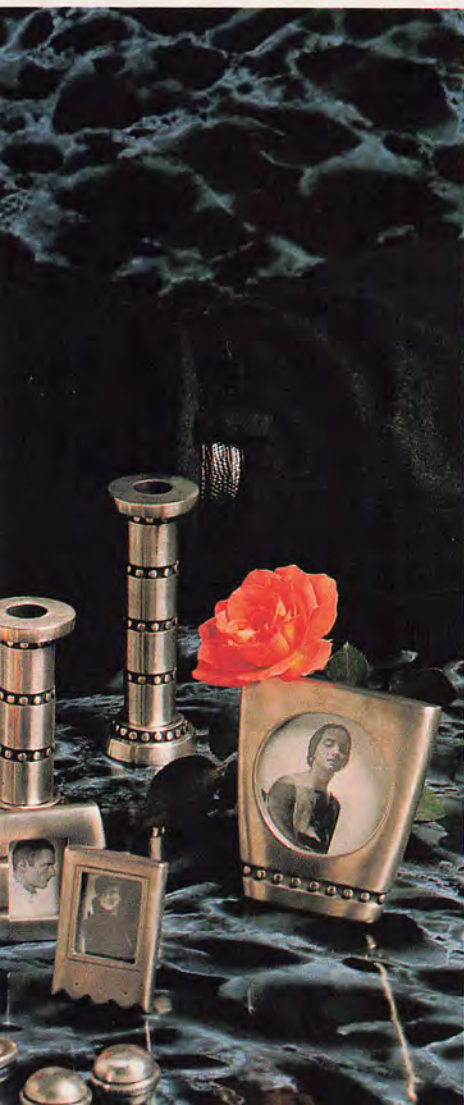




▲ Who said, "No pain, no drain"? Not the people at FROGDESIGN, who created Magic Line pots for Fissler, a West German maker that will distribute them in the U.S. this year. Prices will range from \$50 to \$100 each. Note that part of the lip is wavy and perforated so you can drain pasta or veggies without lifting the cover. And the Duroplastic handles are textured and heat resistant to keep your hands from slipping, or worse. Explains Harmut Esslinger, founder of the international design company: "You have to see design as a bridge between technology and people."

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This Architect Is Building Minds

How much do people think about their built environment, other than picking the color of the walls?" asks architect **MOJDEH BARATLOO**, 35. "In primitive times farmers made their own tools, planned their fields before planting. They were much more in contact with the design process."

To Baratloo, a former design instructor at Cornell University, it's time to get back to the drawing board when it comes to thinking about the spaces we live in.

At four inner-city Harlem grade schools, she leads a course on the nuts, bolts and basic vocabulary of architecture in hopes of turning today's passive consumers into creative participants in urban design. "Developers are the ones making the important environmental decisions right now," she complains. "What I'm trying to do is make it a normal process for these kids to evalu-

ate their surroundings."

Using the simplest materials, Baratloo guides students through hands-on projects. The kids stack books atop rolled and folded construction paper for a primer on load-bearing walls. Then erecting a tower of drinking straws teaches balance and stability. Designing a city street with cardboard houses fuels a discussion of dimension, access, the role of automobiles and more. Studying beehives and spiderwebs unlocks insights into structure and function. "Design is the process of doing, evaluating and changing," says Mojdeh. "The critical part is to see things and form an opinion."

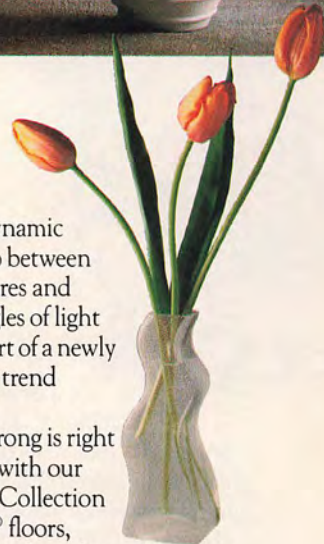
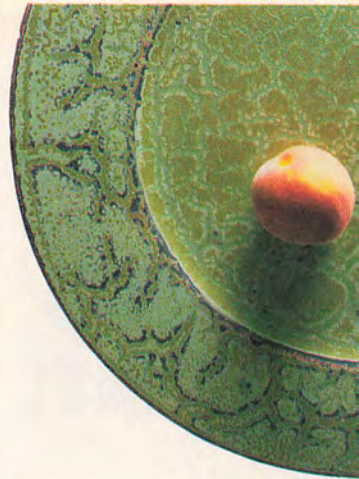
The daughter of an Iranian furniture designer and

an actress, Mojdeh left Teheran to study architecture. After earning a master's degree from the University of Michigan in 1978, she moved to New York City, worked on designs for everything from a recording studio to an office tower, and in 1984 co-founded her own firm. Two years later she began teaching her then experimental classes at Harlem's Mott Hall School of Science and Mathematics after a friend suggested her name to the school district's art director. Now she has 160 9- to 11-year-old students and is training teachers in Harlem and the South Bronx. Better still, her young alums are presumably raising the design consciousness of their parents. "Once people know how important their environment is, they can make it better," says Mojdeh simply. "These are the tools." ■

▼ "I'm not an educator; I'm a professional who goes into schools," says Mojdeh (with Mott Hall students). "One of the problems is that professionals haven't taken charge of educating the public."



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Asian cuisine explodes, fast food sheds fat, melons grow horns, gourmet comes a-knocking, and restaurants sprout playrooms.

Eating in the '90s is a crazy salad of salubrity, savor and service

New Flavors in the Melting Pot

In an invigorating East-West fusion, the piquant cuisines of the Pacific Rim (Thai, Korean, Vietnamese . . .) renew nouvelle and put fresh barb in barbecue



Just when we've learned to distinguish Hunan from Szechuan, and even as we were growing a teensy bit tired of tempura, Oriental food has leaped ahead of our groping chopsticks. Now, driven partly by the quintupling of the Asian population within our borders in the last two decades, the pungent, fragrant cuisines of the Pacific Rim—Thailand, Vietnam, Indonesia and Korea—will be pulling up a chair at the American table.

Though some Pacific Rim chefs are purists, most practice East-West, or fusion, cooking. Think of Mexican tortillas with Chinese hoisin sauce or wontons filled with guacamole. "We're using the flavor ideas of the Far East with ingredients that Americans are used to cooking," says **HUGH CARPENTER**, 42, executive chef at Southern California's four Chopstix eateries and an apostle of the Pacific fusion movement. "It's as simple as taking an ear of corn and infusing the butter with ginger to give it a slightly Asian taste."

In the afterglow of blackened redfish and sushi, Carpenter believes that Americans "are becoming more eclectic and less set in our eating habits." So his *Chopstix* cookbook, co-written with wife Teri Sandison and due out in April, will include recipes for Thai tacos and Thai shrimp pizzas.

Born in England and raised in Santa Barbara, where his parents ran a private school, Carpenter was educated in the Southern soul food whipped up by the school's black cook, Lena Head. He took Chinese and Far Eastern studies at Dartmouth and Michigan and became obsessed by the Asian cooking he shared with Chinese fellow students. Plans to teach were discarded in order to start a Chinese catering firm, now expanded into Chopstix. But it's not just the

melting pot of vernacular cooking that the Pacific Rim will enliven in the '90s. At Washington's Le Pavillon, French chef Yannick Cam features a spring roll served with curry sauce. At Claire's in Manhattan, Thai cook Dhanit Choladda fries American catfish with jalapeños and Thai fish sauce. Seattle's Wild Ginger adds fish and vegetables to classic Thai satays—skewers of broiled beef—serving them with peanut, coconut-milk and sweet-hot dips.

At least one chef, however, looks askance at these mixed marriages. At San Francisco's acclaimed new Monsoon restaurant, **BRUCE COST**, 44, is showing why experts consider him one of the most important cooks of Asian food in America, even though he is a Connecticut Yankee by birth. Celebrating the panoply of tastes and techniques in the Pacific Rim, he is educating as well as delighting his clientele by researching and reviving Chinese recipes up to 2,000 years old. "Asian is the most varied, oldest and interesting set of cuisines," he maintains. "People here have only scratched the surface." Though a traditionalist, Cost recognizes, however, that simple Asian desserts just don't tempt the jaded American sweet tooth, and his pastry chef, David Lebovitz (raided from Chez Panisse, Alice Waters's temple of California cuisine), has won huzzahs for such fusions as chocolate ice cream with Chinese cassia bark and bitter almonds.

One glorious plus about Pacific Rim is that it eliminates all that esoteric fuss about which wine goes with what. "You're looking at a lot of vinegars and lime juices, and the acid doesn't go well with wine," says Cost. "Beer tastes best." ■

● **L.A. chef Hugh Carpenter, who conjured the Oriental veal shanks, Chinese herbed corn with Szechuan chicken and coconut ice cream on this page, sticks up shredded chicken salad, opposite. Thai pizza is on his right, hibiscus iced tea on his left.**





Low-Fat, Flavorful Fast Fowl: Far Out!

Up to now, fast food, healthy food and delicious food have been mutually exclusive terms. But by taking the finger lickin' out of chicken while keeping it tasty and easy to eat on the fly, chef

KEITH FAMIE hopes to set a culinary example for the '90s. Famie, 30, plans to open his first health-conscious fast-food place, Famie's Chicken, in May in Troy, Mich., with franchises following if the concept clicks.

Currently owner of the acclaimed Les Auteurs bistro in suburban Detroit, Famie admits, "A lot of my peers—chefs—have asked, 'Is Keith Famie selling out for fast food?' You know what? This is good food. Some people will appreciate the fact that it's low in fat and high in protein. Others will appreciate it just because it tastes good."

His menu of crispy-skinned breasts, wings, legs and thighs (diners' choice) has already attracted spies from prospective competitors who "take notes and ask all kinds of questions," he

claims. Famie says the key to his process is a mammoth rotisserie he discovered in Europe that allows fat to drip from the chicken and does not char the skin, as grilling does. Honey mustard and barbecue sauce are served on the side with baked Yukon Gold potato wedges. An alternate entree is deep-dish chicken pizza with whole-wheat crust and low-fat smoked mozzarella.

Voted least likely to succeed in his suburban Detroit high school, Famie majored in girls and tennis and still wears a sweatband instead of a toque. He started washing dishes in a Chinese restaurant at 15, toiled in European hotel kitchens at 19 and took over as chef at a four-star Detroit eatery at 22. He opened his own bistro in 1988 and has catered dinner for the Rolling Stones (smoked salmon, chicken Ballotine, roast veal tenderloin) and a lunch for President Bush and Gerald Ford (chicken, pizza, pasta—"the platter was empty when they were done"). His fondest fantasy for the future, after franchising his quick-and-crispy chicken joints exclusively to "managers who have a degree in the culinary arts," would be to give the world robot waiters: "attentive, reliable, manageable." ■



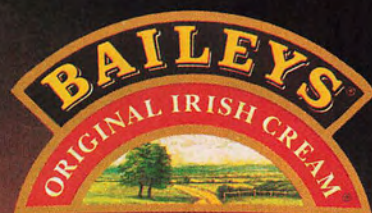
● Keith Famie hopes to run all over the greasy competition with his rotisserie chicken, baked potato wedges, crisp chips and barbecue sauce.

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DAVID WALBERG

Bringing Gourmet to Your Door

It's the '90s, time is tighter than money, the dinner hour is set askew by grown-ups staggering in from work and kids romping off to soccer. You'd like to eat at home, but shopping and cooking don't fit on the schedule, and gourmet take-out—that cornucopious '80s phenomenon—requires a daunting foray from the nest.

Who ya gonna call? For an average fee that's cheaper than a baby-sitter for an evening, dinner-delivery companies will ring your bell, bearing fare ranging far beyond pepperoni pizza. Here's a brief buffet of these proliferating gourmets a-go-go:

• **Chicago's ROOM SERVICE DELIVERIES** serves up to 300 din-

ners a night from 14 of the city's top restaurants, all presented at table by tuxedoed waiters.

• **San Francisco's WAITERS ON WHEELS** brings goodies from 35 wildly diverse eateries, including Bobby Ray's Bar-B-Que and We Be Sushi.

• **RENT-A-MEX** of Watertown, Mass., will send over a Mexican gourmet feast for \$18 to

◀ With 15 heated trucks now on the road in Chicago, Room Service Deliveries plans to expand its operation to Washington, D.C., this spring.

\$30 a person; flamenco dancers are \$150 extra.

• **MAINCOURSE** of Washington, D.C., drops off a week of meals on Sunday night for an average cost of \$60 per person.

• **Houston's DIET GOURMET** will cater a day's menu, totaling 1,000 to 1,800 calories, for \$10.50 to \$12.

• For homebodies with the energy to peel and chop, **MCFADDEN FARM**, in Mendocino County, north of San Francisco, delivers a basket of organic, freshly picked herbs and veggies, including arugula, once a week for \$35.

• In the Los Angeles area, **PAMPER & DINE** dispatches a married team. Amy Tunick relaxes the guests with massages instead of cocktails, while her husband, Matthew Sarver, whips up dinner. Minimum tab: \$300. At least there'll be no valet parker to tip, and no dents in the Porsche, either. ■

A Slow Boil Against Fast Food

The Golden Arches mean quick service, Styrofoam containers and unchanging chow. Soon the sign of the snail in restaurant windows may offer a strong and opposite symbolism: gracious service, regional specialties, time to savor and linger. As Carlo Petrini—the Italian Gran' Gorgonzola of the growing international movement—puts it, the **SLOW FOOD** ideal promotes “the defense of peaceful material pleasure against the universal folly of the Fast Life.”

Ed and Barbara Beltrami, both wine and food writers from Long Island, N.Y., are the new self-appointed “American mama and papa” of the Slow Food crusade. They are not militants staging boycotts; their plan is to form local chapters across the U.S., each distributing lists of establishments

that earn their seal of the snail. “We don't necessarily mean gourmet,” says Barbara, 49, “or expensive. It could be pasta or a burger. It means fresh ingredients, grown with care, deliberately prepared, leisurely enjoyed.”

And as Ed, 55, pointed out in his address to the first annual convention in Paris, Americans too readily accept “slovenly, hasty and often rude service in many of our restaurants and food shops.” The admirable civility of the Slow Food movement could limit its impact. But, as Barbara says, “We're not fanatics. If we were on the road, of course we'd go to McDonald's. We wouldn't die first.” ■

▶ With the snail as its symbol, Slow Food promotes what one chef calls *cuisine tranquille*.



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Millenni-yumms in Your Shopping Cart

Many are cordon bleu, a few are cordon blah, but the new comestibles coming to a grocery near you are all wonders of marketing, chemistry or overnight airfreight:

•**Technicolor Taters:** The beige age is over. The Yellow Finn potato tastes prebuttered, while certain purple and blue-skinned varieties—a few

are lavender inside—pack intense flavor. *Potato Madness*, by esteemed cooking teacher Lydie Marshall, should stir interest in '91.

•**Yes, We Have No Kiwanos:** A New Zealand native, this homely, cantaloupe-size horned melon gets no raves for its lemon-cucumber taste but makes for amusing table conversation.



•**Do the Jerk:** The 300-year-old art of Jamaican jerk cooking—wrap marinated meat in foil (or fronds) and barbecue slowly—may catch fire in the U.S. Concocted from Scotch bonnet peppers, onions, garlic, cinnamon, thyme and tomato, jerk marinade is liquid reveille. Jamaica-born Atlantan Helen Willinsky will try to fan the flames with a Caribbean cookbook this summer.

•**Nonfat Fats:** Snack cakes have gone lite of late, but mayo, ice cream and cheese are chemically tougher to slenderize. Nutra-Sweet's Simplese, made of egg white or milk protein, and Olestra from Procter & Gamble, made of sugar and fatty acids, claim to mimic the texture of cream but await FDA approval. Olestra has become a carcinogen suspect, so don't hold your breath.

•**Gourmet Water:** By 1992, we'll each double our



STAN WILLIAMS

• **Helen Willinsky says sales of her Jamaican jerk seasonings (above, dipping sauce and marinade) doubled last year. Consumers may decide the sour, seed-filled kiwano (left) is more of a millenni-yuck.**

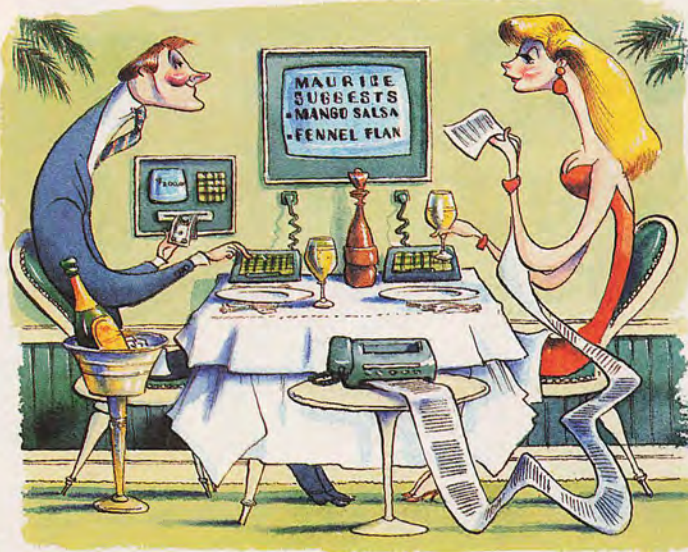
annual bottled water consumption to 12.4 gallons. Edison, N.J.'s Water Centre stocks over 100 kinds and runs a sensible, if not sensual, Water-of-the-Month Club (\$349.95 per year for a six-pack). ■

"If We Ran the Restaurant..."

In its latest restaurant-rating questionnaire, the **ZAGAT SURVEY** asked 7,000 regular diners in New York City and Los Angeles to "name a restaurant innovation you'd like to see introduced." The replies seesaw from the farsighted to the farfetched, but the best of them outline intriguing features for the restaurant of the future:

- On-site child care
- Group tables for singles
- Waiter call buttons
- Gift certificates
- Discounts for paying cash
- Pepper mills left on table

- Frequent-diner bonus plans
- On-site cash machines
- Computerized, citywide reservation systems, with advance table selection
- Strolling masseurs
- Calorie and cholesterol counts available on request
- Adjustable lighting at each table
- Computerized menus
- Hot face towels before and after dining
- Faxes and portable phones for table use
- Reduced tax; 5% contribution for the homeless
- Less attitudinal maître d's ■



MICHAEL WITTE

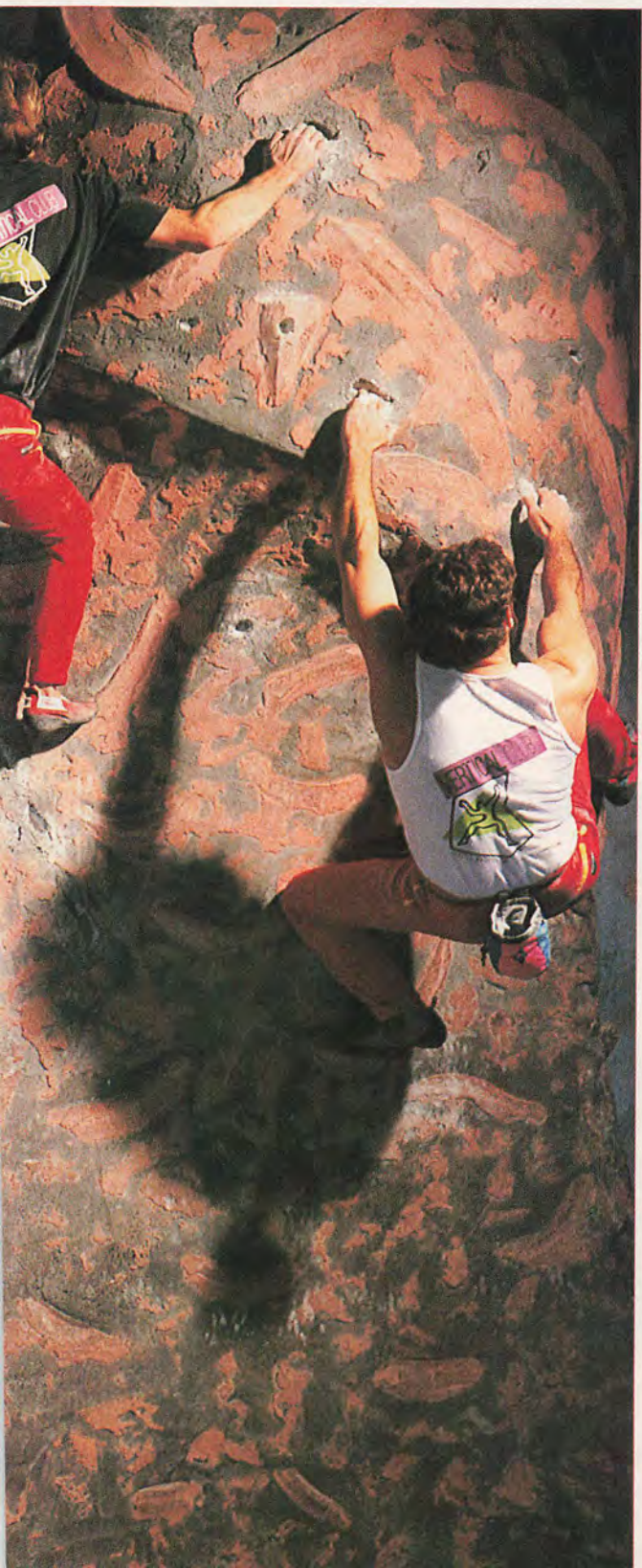
SPORTS & FITNESS



Phew! After a decade that preached no pain, no gain, it's time to cut yourself some slack. Dangling by a digit may seem an ordeal, but watching tennis's teenage phenom and going to the new laser-equipped dentist won't be



Up Against the Wall, America



Once the sport of loners, rock climbing is coming in from the cold and catching hold

The last two decades have given us dance aerobics, interval training and enough human-powered machinery to run an electric utility. But no matter how we kept the beat, the monotony could be numbing. The '90s has a gripping antidote: walls. The growing number of Americans who have forsaken *flora firma* for the challenge of indoor rock climbing are discovering that the nervy business of ascending or—yikes!—coming unglued from 20- to 60-foot sheer walls can be riveting. Perches ranging from slanting ramps and generous handholds ("buckets," in hardman lingo) to aspirin-size nubbins can be unbolted and rearranged on the sculptured fiberglass or plywood surface to refresh the challenge. Best of all, the arduous activity aerates the mind. "You narrow your focus to your hands and feet, and you forget everything else," says Michael Frederick, 36, a Seattle accountant who started climbing when a chronic hip problem curtailed his distance running.

Climbing taxes forearms and fingers especially but can lather the whole body. "After my first session," says Frederick, "I was sore for four days." Novices needn't worry: The gyms use a time-tested protection system in which the rock jock ties into a rope that runs through a loop at the top of the wall and back to the floor. A belayer takes up slack as his partner ascends. Reports J.D. Murphy, one year after installing a wall at his Healthworks in Fort Collins, Colo.: "It's safer than racquetball."

Frederick works out at Seattle's Vertical Club, which today has 400 members (\$225 a year for unlimited use)—30 percent of whom are women—after opening two years ago as the nation's first rock gym. Since then, climbing emporia have sprung up throughout the West and in New York City, Boston and Atlanta. Sporting Clubs of America is building a 10-story facility for Chicago executives (dues \$100 a month, plus a \$750 initiation fee). The Chicago cliff is being erected by Entre Prises USA, the Bend, Ore., arm of a major French wall maker. Some of the most artful surfaces and holds are those designed by Carp Mountaineering of Boulder, Colo., whose president, RAMSAY THOMAS (hanging on, above), is taking the aerobics movement full circle: He is choreographing a dance to be performed on the vertical. ■



◀ At Seattle's Vertical Club, enthusiasts learn to hang loose. A pit of smooth pebbles softens the landing for those who disdain ropes.

Putting Our Best *Fútbol* Forward

A zealot's goal: Turn Americans on to soccer by the '94 World Cup

It's a generation gap you could drive a school bus through. Almost 13 million U.S. kids play soccer, and its version of Little League has exploded fifteen-fold since 1975. Yet most

grown-ups couldn't tell a corner kick from a corn chip. **SCOTT LETELLIER**, a 39-year-old lawyer and soccer zealot, is out to change that. Everywhere else on the planet soccer is the No. 1 sport, the

real *fútbol*, and why not? Gear is cheap, injuries are few, size is not a factor, and the action is deliriously continuous. But the international fever has not as yet caught on here, and major-

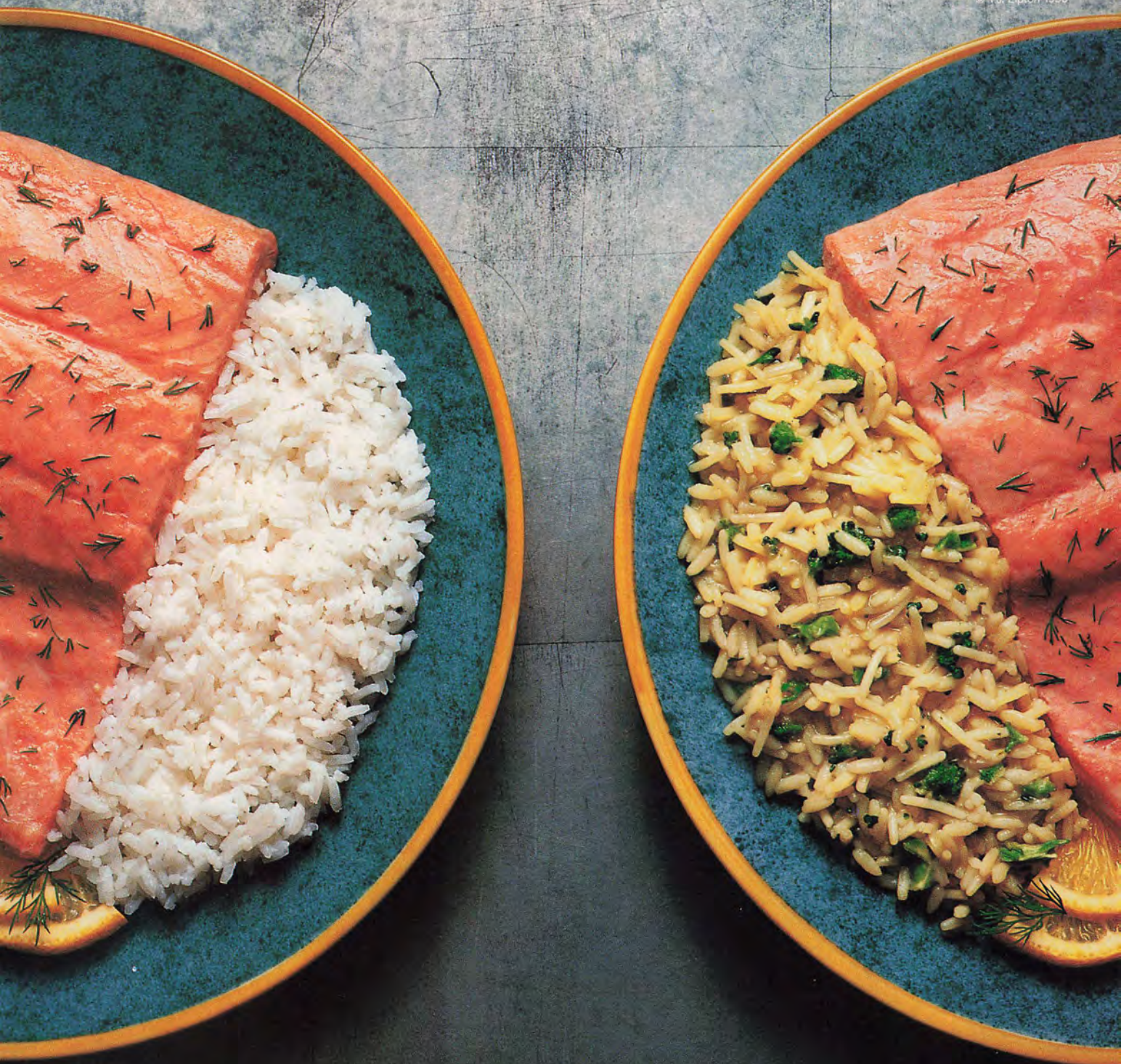
league soccer went under in 1985. One hang-up for U.S. fans is that (as lovely as the foreplay is) soccer is low-scoring; a concomitant problem for TV is the lack of natural breaks.

Evangelist LeTellier is himself the epitome of the heathens he seeks to convert. Captain of his University of Tennessee tennis team, he considered soccer a snooze until he spent two years on a Mormon church mission in West Germany. There he became hooked on the beauty of the game. Already a sports freak (his dad was team physician of the old Milwaukee Braves), he gave up law to become a top lieutenant to Peter Ueberroth and made soccer the surprise best-attended event of the '84 Olympics.

After the Games, he joined the international soccer bureaucracy and miraculously helped persuade it to stage the 1994 World Cup in the United States. He got another break when the U.S. national team qualified for this June's Cup finals in Italy. To build on that momentum, LeTellier and Werner Fricker, head of the U.S. Soccer Federation, are shrewdly playing 22 U.S. cities against each other to become the eight to 12 sites of the '94 finals. As for TV rights, the two are working on ways to insert commercials unobtrusively and to prevail upon a network to air at least 12 U.S. national-team games in the next four years. But can LeTellier finally make soccer happen here? Says his old boss Ueberroth: "He's the right guy." ■

◀ "Potentially, we've got the greatest event of this decade right here," says LeTellier, with son Billy, 3, and cocker spaniel Rocheteau (named for a French soccer star).





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DICK SNEY (2)

SPORTS & FITNESS

A Brickyard for True Believers

The arches curve like lazy fly balls, and the grandstand puts fans nearly close enough to hear the pop of bubble gum on the base paths. When the **BALTIMORE ORIOLES** open the 1992 season in their new stadium—on real grass—all that will be missing from an old-fashioned take-me-out-to-the-ballgame experience will be the reek of a 5-cent cigar.

In designing the \$75 million, 46,000-seat ballpark now under construction, the Kansas City, Mo., sports-architecture group of Hellmuth, Obata & Kassabaum fouled-off such '80s vogues as AstroTurf, domes and the

concrete-doughnut look to create instead a downtown magnet. Using an airy steel skeleton clothed in brick, the designers snuggled the structure into an existing street grid near the harbor. The result is a classic asymmetrical park with a short, 321-foot right-field foul line and a long view of the Baltimore skyline. Writes architecture critic Paul Goldberger: "This is a building capable of wiping out in a single gesture 50 years of wretched stadium design." Some left-handed power could bring the Orioles a pennant, but Baltimore already has a winner. ■

▲ When Baltimore's back-to-basics ballpark is completed in '92, downtown fans will be able to walk to the game.



A Lady in Waiting For U.S. Rooters

► When Chrissie Evert retired last fall, tennis suffered a large net loss in charm. But suddenly the women's tour has a new advantage in. Juniors champ **JENNIFER CAPRIATI** went trick-or-treating last Halloween, but she is such a demon on the court that organizers bent their rules to let her turn pro three weeks shy of her 14th birthday, March 29. The Wesley Chapel, Fla., ace enters the big time with a \$3 million sportswear contract, a wicked forehand and a smile to beguile all but those across the net. ■



SIMON BRUTY/ALLSPORT



SPORTS & FITNESS

Medical Advances: Moods to Molars

Tuning up with a personal trainer or bingeing on bran is fine, but they don't do much for all our aches and angst. Medical technology keeps trying. Here's what it's developing in health, convenience and cosmetics:

• **"Lollipop" for Stress:** Instead of popping a tranquilizer, Americans suffering from insomnia, anxiety, jet lag, even depression, may soon reach for a lollipop-shaped device called a Symtonic. An anodized metal wa-

fer on a stick, the Symtonic is connected to a Walkman-size battery pack that soothes by bathing the brain in a weak electromagnetic field. Held to the roof of the mouth for 20 minutes a day, the Symtonic proved effective in clinical trials. The Swiss-made device will be available within months for about \$250. Researchers found it nonaddictive and without side effects—indeed, it is expected to help curb dependence on its major stress-relieving competitor, Valium.

• **Blocking Migraines:** Most migraines attack suddenly. But about a quarter of the nation's 16 million migraine sufferers receive early warning signals. For them, a new drug called Sumatriptan promises to block the migraine's full impact. Based on the body's natural painkillers, Sumatriptan (from Glaxo) will be available in injectable form in a year or two, and as a pill or nasal spray in three or four.

• **A Workout for the Eyes:** Personalized eye exercises, already used by athletes to strengthen peripheral vision, are being developed to alleviate poor eyesight in children and workplace eye-strain for the rest of us.

• **Bifocal Contacts:** A new bifocal contact lens from Allergan employs microscopic concentric rings that split light from close and distant objects simultaneously. The

brain automatically screens out one of the images. Since the price will be \$400 to \$800 per pair and some specialists remain skeptical about the bifocal lens, baby boomers aging into the reading-glass years may opt for monovision. Used by former Presidents Reagan and Carter, the technique calls for a distance lens in one eye and a close-up in the other.

• **High-tech Cosmetic Surgery:** Tiny suction needles, refined from tools already used to remove fat from hips and thighs, now extend the technique to cheeks and chin. Fine-tuning with facial liposuction, at a cost of \$750 to \$1,200 per session, is increasingly done in conjunction with face-lifts.

• **Masking Scars:** A procedure called permanent pigmentation can hide scars from burns, skin grafts or surgery. Akin to tattooing, it implants hues of iron oxide under the skin.

• **The "Abortion Pill":** RU 486, now sold only in France, has proved 95 percent effective in ending pregnancies—when taken within 49 days of the woman's last period and followed with a dose of prostaglandin. The pill's likely next markets: England and Scandinavia. So far, a boycott threat by American antiabortion groups has stalled any bid to bring the pill to the U.S.

• **Painless Dentistry:** A new laser device is gaining acceptance for surface cavities, root canals and periodontal work. The pulsing light beam actually numbs the tooth as it penetrates the enamel. Terry Myers, a Detroit-area D.D.S. who patented the instrument with his brother, William, expects the tool to become available this summer. "Within the next 10 years," he says, "dentists will be able to throw away their drills." ■

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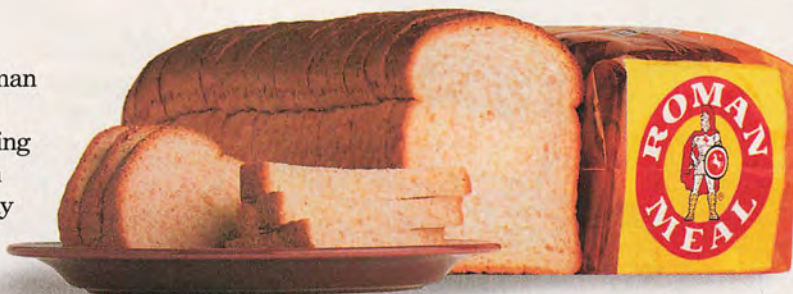
But then again, so have you. And as long as you still need good, sound nutrition, that's just what you'll get in all of our breads.

That's why we've always been extra picky about the kind of wheat we use. It's called Northern Hard Red Spring Wheat. And it's the most protein-rich wheat we've found. We figure that as long as you still need protein for muscle development, we'll keep using Northern Hard Red Spring

Wheat in our bread.

We'll keep using wheat bran, too.

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roughage for a healthy digestive system. Today it's called insoluble fiber. And you'll still find a healthy amount of it

in the wheat bran we put into Roman Meal bread.

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Learning to be more at home with ourselves and each other, we're also spending more time at home, period. The sandwich generation is in a pickle, but Americans are finding new ways to bring young and old together

A Clean Sweep for Our Relationships

If the Reagan Era was morning in America, now it's the morning after. After the bonfire of the vanities, the false torch of glitz and greed, the '90s promise to be more like a camp fire—a communal huddle, both for the pleasure of each other's company and as a defense against the challenges out there in the dark.

So goodbye, Dynasty. Hello to one another. The new bottom line will be getting along with, and getting strong with, the people we can reach out and touch—friends, lovers, spouses and parents. But once past the first blush, human linkups are hard work. Here are three professionals with provocative and useful ideas for enriching the one-to-one.

Real Men Do Housework

Feminism has brought men a long way, baby. The guys, having stopped insisting that a woman's place is in the home, are enjoying that second paycheck as well as spousal conversation that isn't exclusively mops and moppets. But, alas, recent revelations that working moms rack up 22.6 hours of housework and child care a week to their husbands' 7.4 show that men still have a long way to go.

"Men have to adjust," asserts Michael Kimmel, a spokesman for the **NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR CHANGING MEN**. "Only 18 percent of families today have a bread-winning man and a stay-at-

home mom. So if she's bringing in half the income, her man ought to be doing half the housework."

Sure, but what's in it for *him*? "If it's child care, it's tremendously rewarding all by itself," says Kimmel, a sociologist. "If it's housework, women must explain that *nobody* likes doing it. It's a stupid fact of life, like sitting in traffic or changing the oil. But it can give us a feeling of togetherness. Anyway, if we don't do it together in half the time, nobody's going to the movies tonight."

Chore sharing is only one issue tackled by NOCM, a

► **NOCM's Michael Kimmel and his squeeze, social scientist Iona Mara-Drita, clean his digs together. They tackle her place together, too.**





ACEY HARPER

▲ Lori Gordon (with husband Morris) says men are more open to her PAIRS marital program because it's a course, not therapy.

loose network of 1,500 members, including many therapists and teachers. It has task forces working on violence, pornography and sexual harassment. Through its newsletter, annual meetings and support groups, it urges men to learn what they have to gain from feminism.

"We try," says Kimmel, "to teach the skills and attitudes necessary for men to have friends among themselves like women do, to become involved fathers and to become emotionally responsive to women and therefore have better relationships with them."

Kimmel reports that most men suddenly get interested in NOCM at two crucial points in their lives: "First, when they're freshly divorced, pained and angry; and second, when they become fathers and want to be good at it, but don't have

good role models for the job."

Kimmel, who is 39 and single, grew up outside New York City with a psychoanalyst mother "who always worked" and a father who was "a football player and a chiropractor and very tender and nurturing. My father was very good about housework, and he was a real man. So if a little boy is raised like that, he'll grow up to believe in equality." Kimmel graduated in the first coed class at Vassar ('72) and teaches sociology at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

In Kimmel's view, men are "confused in the face of feminism. We don't want to be Rambo, but we're not so sure we want to be Alan Alda, either." Tom Selleck, maybe? Well, we can dream. But if learning to savor "the pleasures of child care, the rewards of an equal relation-

ship," sounds like a milque-toast manifesto, Kimmel knows how to put it in reassuring terms. "Think of it," he suggests, "as building new muscles." ■

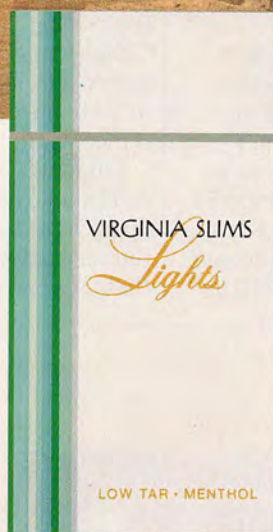
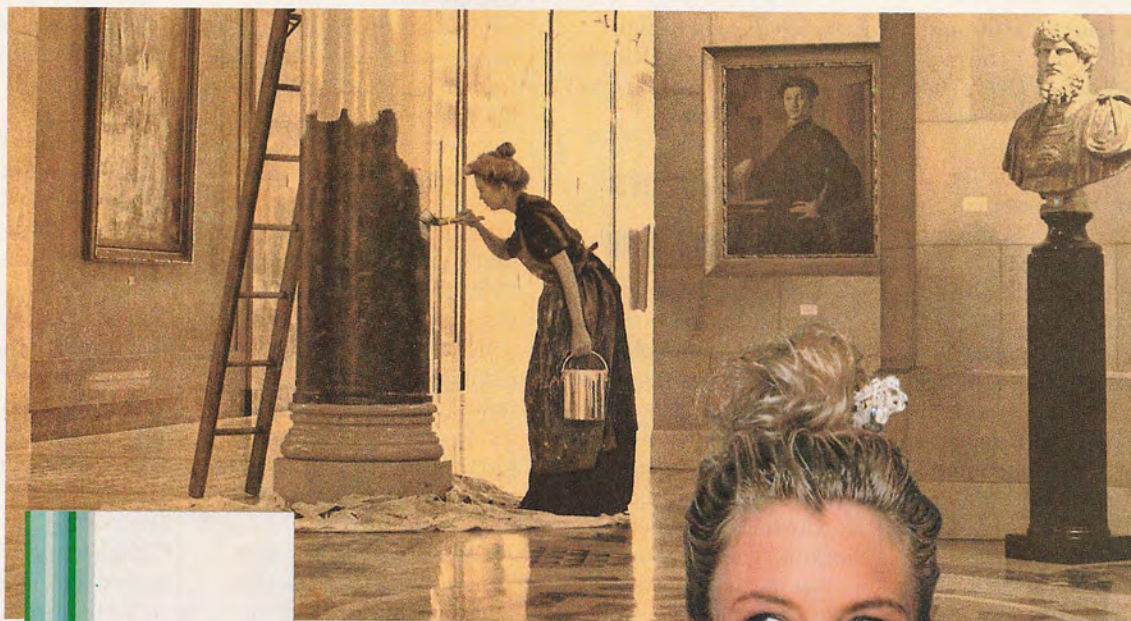
Butting Heads? Try Divorce Busters

The number of couples seeking marital help has approximately doubled in the past two years—an encouraging sign, according to behaviorists. "These days, people want to stay in their marriages instead of tossing them out when things go awry," says Rabbi Morris Gordon, board chairman of the nonprofit PAIRS Institute of Falls Church, Va. "The danger is that we're seeing people settle into boring, non-communicative existences as they did before divorce

became popular."

Offering an ounce of divorce prevention rather than a pound of patch-up is the purpose of PAIRS (Practical Application of Intimate Relationship Skills). The \$1,600-per-couple, four-month course was created by Gordon's wife, Lori, a family therapist, in 1984. It has since spread to 26 states and 13 countries, and has graduated over 100 therapists and thousands of couples—engaged, newlywed, long hitched. The 110 hours of training focus on skills that keep familiarity from breeding contempt—mutual praising, degrees of physical affection without sex, fighting fair, sharing dreams, criticizing only with a suggestion for change, confiding. It also debunks a mound of marital myths ("If you loved me, you'd know what I want," and "If we disagree,

In 1911, the Fenton Falls Art Council finally allowed the work of a woman artist to be displayed in the museum.



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sombody has to be wrong, and it's not going to be me").

Lori Gordon, 60, says she began to travel the road to PAIRS in the late '60s, "when I went looking for help in my own first marriage, and nobody was seeing couples." In 1969 she launched the Family Relations Institute in Falls Church and developed a program that grew into the preventative PAIRS concept after "some singles came to me in the early '80s and said they wanted to avoid the things that had gone wrong in their friends' relationships."

Gordon and the rabbi, 75, met in 1981 and were married in 1982. It was his influence that established PAIRS and spread its gospel. "A relationship is like a minefield," declares Lori Gordon, whose book on the subject,

Love Knots, will be published in May. "PAIRS gives you a road map so you don't get blown up." ■

Teaching Toilers How to Have Fun

Self-deception comes as easily to the workaholic as to the alcoholic. "You don't have to spend all weekend at the office to be a workaholic," says ex-priest turned counselor **Earnie Larson**. "If you think you're worthwhile only when you're working, you're a workaholic. You try to play, and you have a terrible time—you fight with your wife, make everyone miserable. You need to *practice playing*."

That's a skill Larson will teach in the treatment center he's founding this year in

Minneapolis, where his change-your-life seminar, videotape and book business has been based for 12 years. Larson is already well-known in Minneapolis and in self-help circles nationwide. More than 50,000 people—two thirds of them women—attend his lectures annually, and he has sold more than \$750,000 worth of audio- and videotapes. But now the brusque and burly 50-year-old hopes to reach a needy new audience of workaholics. Recovery might begin with one \$25, all-day session or with a series of \$5 nightly meetings.

Job One, he insists, is to "understand the age-old hurt that you're working constantly to cover up. If you don't know why you're in pain, you won't persevere long enough to change." The next step is to figure out if pressures are external or

self-imposed. (If you feel "nothing you do is ever good enough," you're probably in the latter camp.)

"Start small," Larson advises. Don't try to jump off the treadmill all at once. "Take 10 minutes when you first get home just to talk to your wife," he suggests, "try taking Friday afternoons off. You'll feel guilty, lazy, worthless. Just tell yourself you're worthwhile whether you're working or not."

But don't expect miracles: If you suddenly start coming home early, you'll be disrupting family routine. "It's frustrating," Larson admits. "Things might seem worse for a while. That's why it helps to have a group, or someone, to support you."

Larson developed his own workaholic habits growing up in Omaha, where his father, a plasterer, taught him that "we had to work harder



Four clever ways

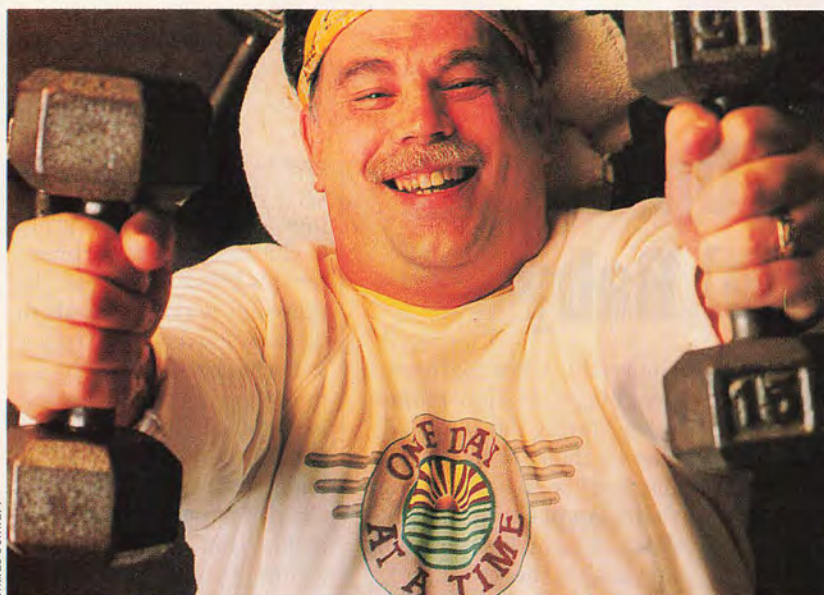


*Of all nationally advertised brands.
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than anyone. If the job starts at 8, be there at 7:30. By the time I was 7, I knew: Larsons work hard."

As an inner-city Catholic priest, he drove himself mercilessly, partly so as not to feel the pain and hurt he saw in the streets. "I remember once wiping a suicide's brains off the wall and telling myself, 'I'm tough. I can do anything.' Half an hour later I was saying Mass for the little old ladies in church." The turning point came when his father dropped dead before his eyes in 1976. "Here was this man I loved dearly, the No. 1 man in my life, laying there dead," Larson recalls. "And I looked across the street and saw some kids playing ball, and I realized I could easily go right over and play. That's when I knew I needed help."

He left the priesthood and eventually began his semi-



nars. "I think he's one of our modern day apostles," says Suzanne Somers, who has taped a TV "infomercial" with him. "His work centers me—I think he's terrific," says Mariette Hartley, who also hopes to collaborate

with him on a TV or other project. Larson's latest book, *Why Do I Still Hurt?* will be published by Prentice Hall in the fall.

Still, Larson has to resist the impulse to backslide. He has abandoned out-of-town

◀ Larson, counselor to workaholics, says pulling your weight is fine, weighing yourself down is no way to live.

seminars, and he and his wife of 10 years, Paula, take a month off each March. "People want balance," he says. "They want relationships. Despite this speed-it-up, do-it-faster society, people know there's more to life." ■



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Bringing Up (Only One) Baby

They're as precocious as Van Cliburn, as devoted to Mom as Elvis Presley, as self-confident as Frank Sinatra, as imaginative as John Updike, as private as Al Pacino, as plucky as Tammy Wynette. They are only children, and like those sibling-free celebs, they are paragons of independence and achievement.

Get ready, America, there are going to be more of these solos. During the '90s—either by choice or by faltering fertility—one out of four families will have just one child, as compared with only one in 10 in the '50s.

Parents—mesmerized by the myths that these so-called gourmet babies tend to be self-righteous and

grabby—are anxious not to blow their one swipe at immortality and are thus prone to clutch. How can we brace for this brave new breed? Is there any way to bring them up sane and unspoiled?

Perhaps the most common error, say child-rearing experts, is living as a trio (or, for single parents, a joined-at-the-hip duo) instead of as parents and child. "Don't make him the center of your lives, or he'll grow up really self-centered," advises Sacramento-based educator **STEPHEN GLENN**. "From time to time,

go off for the weekend, leaving him in a family with other children, so he'll have to negotiate for space." Glenn's Developing Capable People course claims nearly 5 million grads. (For info, call 800-456-7770.) Though only children tolerate exposure to fancy French restaurants and other adult pursuits better than kids with sibs, New Hampshire child psychologist **JACK AGATI** urges parents to lug the lil darlings to burger joints, too. "Remember they are children," he says. "Keep life appropriate for the age."

Parents should also go easy on doing the kid's homework with him, dropping off forgotten backpacks at school and arranging a date for the prom. "It's easy when you have one child to do too much," says Glenn. "The child gets dependent and develops a sense of irresponsibility for his own life." All children, but particularly onlys, says Glenn, need to be "talked *with*, not *at*." Parents may tend to draw a hard line—or no line at all. "Strictness produces rebellion, and permissiveness produces manipulation," warns Glenn. "Learn the art of being firm, set reasonable limits and follow up with respect and dignity." Agati adds that onlys of school age shouldn't be pushed into yet more social interaction after 3 P.M. "These kids are used to alone time; they need it."

The parents of onlys should give themselves a break, too. "A lot of parents get tremendous performance anxiety," says Glenn. "The whole ball game is right there in that one child. Take the long view: Don't add up your scorecard until the kid is 26 years old." ■





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Call it Romper Room with a twist. Or just call it a good idea. Instead of kiddies toddling off to day care and senior citizens languishing in retirement, a program in New York has both groups mixing it up together. At the **FRANCES SCHERVIER CHILD CARE AND LEARNING CENTER** in the Bronx, elderly volunteers like **WINNIE O'CONNOR** now lend a grandma's touch to games, storytelling and daily kiddie care. "As soon as I heard about it, I signed up," says O'Connor. "Children are lovely, even when they're making noise." At a time when the numbers of aging retirees and working parents are growing rapidly, says Warren Gilfus of New York State's Office for the Aging, "we have senior citizens out there who are forgotten and placed

away from the mainstream, and children out there not getting the attention they need from their own families. Why not bring child care back to a homelike atmosphere, and seniors back into the mainstream socially?" The state-funded program, which began in 1988, has now expanded to 23 centers. (Some offer day care for both the kids and the infirm parents of working adults—the so-called Sandwich Generation.)

"I have a strong suspicion," says Gilfus, "that this could be the wave of the future." That would be fine with O'Connor, the 78-year-old widow who became Frances Schervier's first volunteer. "I get a lot when I give," she says. "I come home and I can be happy for the whole day." ■



MARIO RUIZ

Bet on the Bichon

Every day has its dog. In the mid-'80s, the cocker overtook the poodle as most popular breed. Last year, the Labrador retriever sprang into second. Though the cocker is expected to remain the prime canine, style-wise the **BICHON FRISE**, a descendant of the water spaniel, will be the new hot dog, perhaps reaching the Top Five by the late '90s. The affectionate little devil (8" to 12" tall, 12 lbs. to 15 lbs.) was a favorite of European royalty in the 1500s and was often portrayed by Goya. The French name translates as curly lap-dog, and laps it now adorn include those of Kathie Lee Gifford, Betty White and Andrea Evans. ■



◀ O'Connor's life has a new chapter now that a day-care center has opened at her seniors residence.

MICHAEL ABRAMSON/ONYX

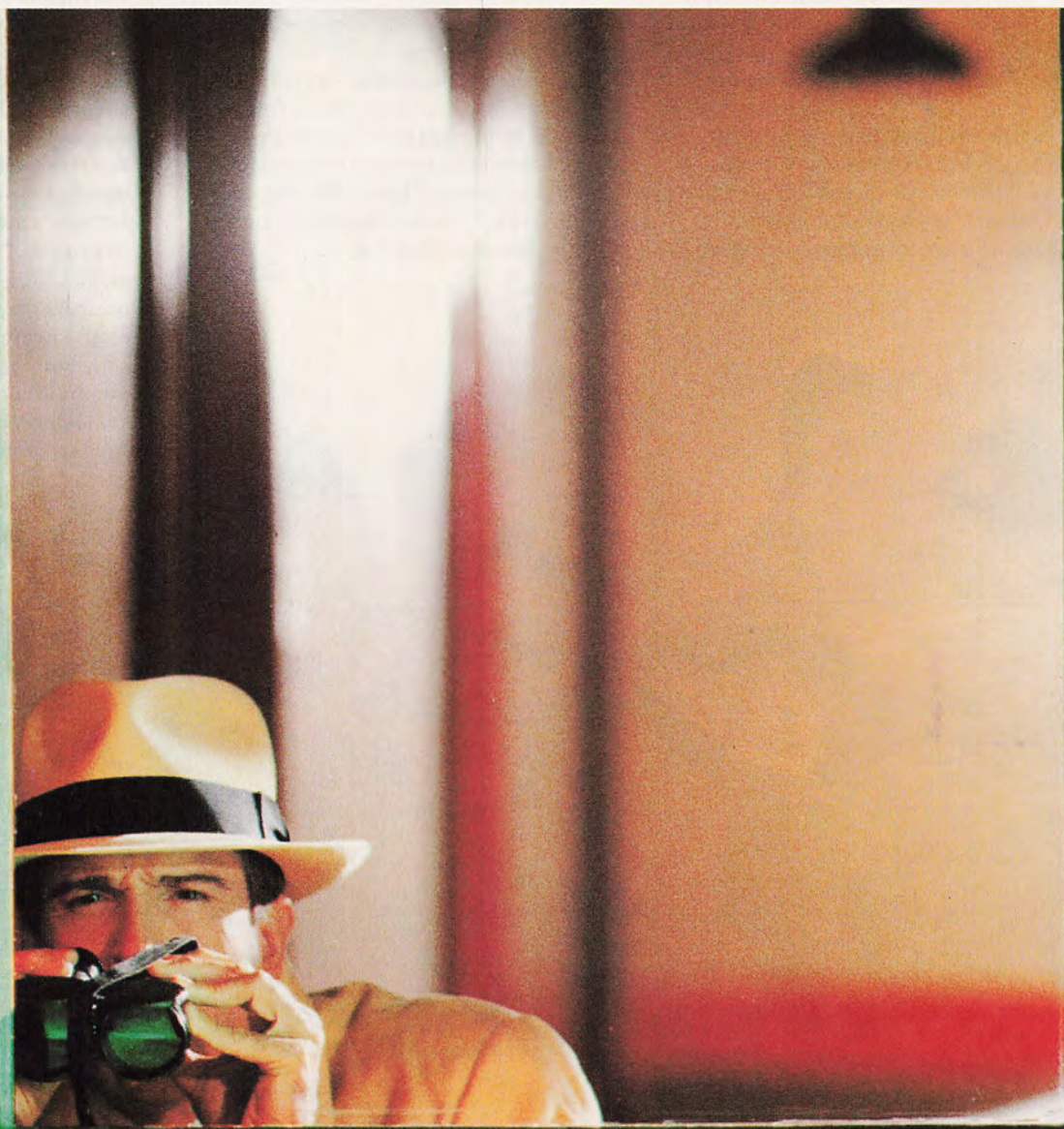
THE ARTS



Videocassettes reshape movies; another Fonda provides them a fresh star. Ethnic infusions add fervor to painting and choreography, and an old cottage craft climbs out of bed to shout a message

A Cop with a Ka-Pow Palette

To bring Dick Tracy to the screen, Beatty tells his crew to forget the rules



If teenagers start dyeing their sweats gaudy shades of red, yellow, blue and green this summer, blame Chester Gould. Those are the colors he inked onto America's favorite crimebuster comic strip, and now those lurid hues are coming back in this summer's most buzzed-about movie, *Dick Tracy*. "It's not fancy and it's not subtle," says **WARREN BEATTY**, producer, director and star of the film. "I think what was most ap-

▶ As Chester Gould's comic-strip hero, Warren Beatty focuses on a fantasy look that "has a certain quaintness," he says.

▼ Playing temptress *Breathless* Mahoney, Madonna vamps at Club Ritz, the crime syndicate's sumptuous headquarters.

pealing to me is the straightforwardness of it. Since I was a kid, I've liked Dick Tracy."

Gould's strip was set in Depression-era Chicago, but Beatty wasn't gunning for period authenticity. "I didn't want it to look real," he says. "I wanted it to look what I called surreal, instead of phony." As with *Batman* last year, the movie was shot almost entirely on studio back lots. **RICHARD SYLBERT**, who like most postwar production designers had worked essentially on location in his 44-movie career, was rethinking set design to create "a city that was totally generic. We even changed all the cars," he adds, "so they looked the same—except large for the bad guys and small for the good guys. If someone could say, 'That's a Ford,' it would ruin the movie."

More unusual was Beatty's decision to render all



▲ Beatty, 52, and Madonna, 31, a steamy team offscreen as well as on, check out the day's shooting on video monitors with the production crew.

costumes and sets in Gould's limited comic-strip palette. Tracy wears yellow, the movie's symbol of light and justice. Breathless Mahoney, the seductress played by **MADONNA** (who sings tunes by **STEPHEN SONDHEIM**), slinks on in black and silver. And the heavy, **AL PACINO**'s Big Boy Caprice, is tailored in diabolical red. "Instead of

harmonizing colors, we put primary colors side by side to create conflict," says cinematographer **VITTORIO STORARO**, a three-time Oscar winner. "We were going totally against everything we've been taught."

Beatty had wanted to shoot in wide-screen Panavision but ruled that out, says Sylbert, after watching some recent Panavision films on videocassette. "Warren said, 'I ain't doing it. I don't want half the movie to be off the screen,'" Sylbert relates. "So we used ordinary lenses." Little wonder. Cassettes raked in \$8 billion in '89, compared with \$5 billion for movie houses. "We're doing *Dick Tracy* for what Warren considers the world of the future, and he's right," Sylbert remarks. "As he said, 'We'll all be on fast forward before long.' " ■





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Learning to Wear Her Genes

Every Hollywood decade since the '30s has had a famous Fonda, and the streak is in no jeopardy. The rising scion now is **BRIDGET FONDA**, granddaughter of Henry, daughter of Peter and niece of Jane. But don't suggest to the 26-year-old actress that she owes it all to good genes. "No, no!" she protests. "I worked at this!"

And how. This year Fonda will be seen as an American in London in David Hare's *Strapless*, as novelist Mary Shelley in Roger Corman's *Frankenstein Unbound* and as a photojournalist in Francis Ford Coppola's *The Godfather III*. She's about to play a tomboy in *Leather Jackets*, written and directed by her British live-in fiancé, Lee Drysdale. "If strong heroines and roles requiring sass and intelligence are big in the '90s," says *Los Angeles Times* critic Peter Rainer, "she will be a big star and a great actress."

In two of her films Fonda has managed remarkably unaffected scenes in the buff—which she attributes partly to the free-spirited hippie generation in which she was reared. "I did grow up not feeling self-conscious about being nude," she says. Not that she escaped self-consciousness in acting school. "When you've got all eyes on you, people saying, 'She's not so hot,' you sort of wish you were a nobody." Now that she has legitimately proved she's a somebody, Fonda often sends a prayer to her grandfather: "If you could see me now . . . I wonder if you'd be proud." ■

● "I can't believe it when people say I look like Jane," says Fonda. "I think, thank you so much! Now if someone would just hand me a [role like hers in] *Klute*."



A Boatlift Refugee Rides High

As critics search for the next elliptical movement of the moment, artists living far from the aesthetic-opinion centers of SoHo and Santa

Monica continue to blaze ahead. Among the brightest: **CARLOS ALFONZO**, 39, a Cuban-born refugee of the '80 Mariel boatlift. Alfonzo's huge canvases have

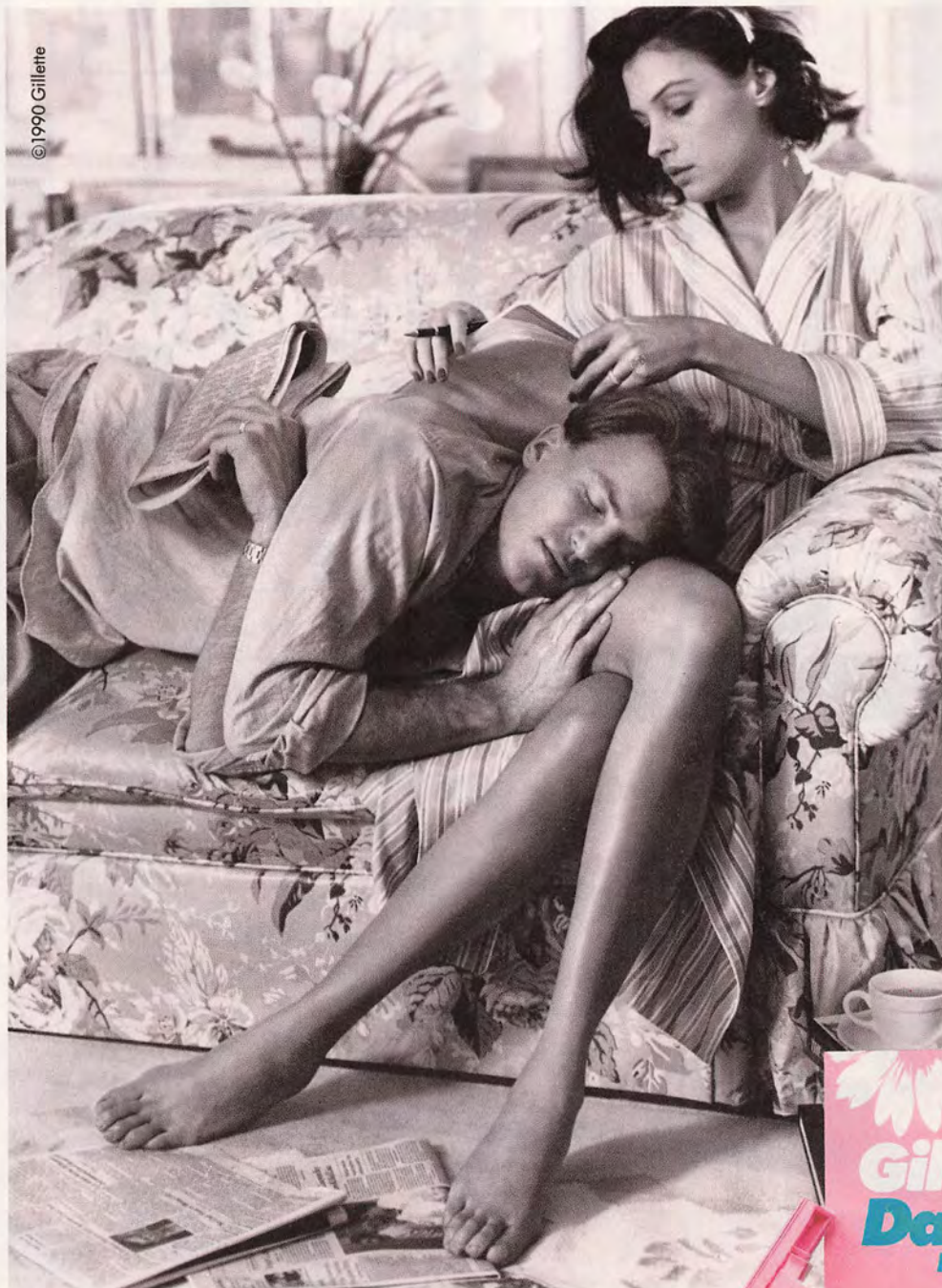
been hailed in *Artforum* as "roisterous and roiling . . . sensuously attuned to mysterious ritual as well as to art history."

For Alfonzo, such recog-



● "My work has to do with violence," says Alfonzo. "I don't see life as a pretty picture. It's a very interesting picture, but not a pretty one."

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nition has been hard-won. In Cuba, "The imagery I was using did not portray the happiness socialism brings," he says ironically. "The idea that I might get in trouble sort of traumatized me." His flight to the U.S., however, meant leaving his pro-Castro parents, his former wife and their

young son, then 6. After almost two months in refugee camps, he settled in Miami and resumed painting—at first on cheap cardboard and paper.

Now his paintings sell for up to \$20,000, and he works in a cavernous South Miami Beach studio, creating a mix of often-ominous images—

floating body parts, crosses, tongue-piercing daggers—that suggests both the tensions in his own history and the often-symbolic art of his Hispanic heritage. Analyzing Alfonzo's arcane allusions, *Arts Magazine* discovered an oeuvre that spurred thought "not of the tropics, but of the known and un-

known terrors of the present age." "Only one label really depicts what you do," says the painter, "and that is 'artist.'" The world eagerly accedes to Alfonzo's self-appellation. Except for his native land. "After I left," he reports sadly, "my works were retired from Cuba's National Museum." ■



Tribal Dance with A Streetlight Glow

During her grad-school days at Florida State, **JAWOLE WILLA JO ZOLLAR** studied traditional ballet and the gamut of modern dance forms any would-be choreographer might need. But something didn't sit right. "What was lacking was who I was," says Zollar, 39, a native of Kansas City, Mo. "It was someone else's vision."

Convinced that valid and powerful dance could spring from the culture and history of her own people, Zollar formed **URBAN BUSH WOMEN** in 1984, a New York City-based troupe that mixes modern and jazz choreography with Caribbean and African rhythms, tribal chants, gospel testifying and ghetto swagger. With the dancers moving to percus-

sive music and their own claps, stomps and street speech (often dealing with homelessness, oppression and survival), the group has "turned us around as to what dance is," attests veteran festival producer Lenwood Sloan. Echoes Liz Thompson, director of the Brooklyn Academy of Music's influential Next Wave Festival: "Jawole reflects a variety of heritages, and that, in a sense, is the direction of the '90s."

For Zollar, certainly, it is the right compass setting for a multiethnic society. "The melting pot will be supplanted by a gumbo pot," she says hopefully. "Rather than trying to boil everything down to make this one soup, we'll say all of these ingredients are needed to make it interesting. America is going to have to accept itself." ■

▲ Choreographer Zollar (center, tresses flying) and her troupe rehearse *Praise House*, a dance-and-song tale of a black woman in the rural South who sees visions of angels.



THE ARTS

Sewing Up a Storm

Quiltmakers needle the status quo

Long a loving-hands effort intended to induce sweet dreams, the quilt is becoming an urgent art medium designed to wake up the nation. In the last six years membership in the American Quilter's Society has risen from 1,000 to 70,000, and quilters who once stitched panels of pin-wheeling geometrics or bonneted maidens are taking up needle and thread to speak out on nuclear war, racism

and, notably, the AIDS crisis. Benefiting from new techniques like fabric lithography and hung on walls like tapestries, quilts are proving remarkably effective as vehicles for advocacy. Notes **PENNY SISTO**, 47, an Indiana artist whose recent subjects include Tiananmen Square: "A quilt is so soft and comforting that when you look at it, your barriers go down automatically, and the message gets right in."

These bold new designs actually renew a tradition dating back at least to the mid-1800s, when quilters unburdened themselves on abolition and the Union.

"The quilter has always been a mirror of her society," says Robert Bishop, director of New York's Museum of American Folk Art.

Now, as in the past, women often sew in a group on one large or several individual works. "In the quilting process, people release emotional strain," notes Bishop.

The quilting movement is itself a kind of quilt. Environmental "Green quilts" are being popularized by artist-activists such as Ohio's

▲ **Sisto creates discomfiting comforters on apartheid and Vietnam, and pays homage to a beflowered Mexican Jesus.**

SUSAN SHIE. Collectors are snapping up black-history quilts by slaves' descendants who confront the tragedies of the past. The nuclear accident at Chernobyl has found its way into arresting works by **BARBARA CAROW**, whose hangings sell for \$2,000 at Boston's Society of Arts and Crafts. Soft-tech twits high-tech in *PCB Bop*, by New Yorker **ROBIN SCHWALB**. A colorful trompe l'oeil blowup of a printed circuit board, it is both alluring and faintly menacing. ■



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Style's HIDDEN PERSUADERS

Behind the lights of TV, movies and ads, costumers and stylists shop till they drop to soft-sell alluring looks we want to watch and wear *By Jennet Conant*

The man is making his usual rounds. Tall and handsome in jeans and a bomber jacket, he cuts a curious figure as he darts in and out of the trendy women's boutiques on Montana Avenue in Santa Monica. He picks out several feminine sweaters at a shop called Three Bags Full. Then **PATRICK NORRIS** steels himself for the toughest part of his trip, a foray into Victoria's Secret, where he'll drop several hundred dollars on scanty lingerie.

"It's embarrassing," says Norris, who, as costume supervisor for the yuppie chronicle *thirtysomething*, dresses a dozen regular characters, half of them women. "This being Los Angeles, people just naturally assume it's for me."

Norris is a member of an unseen but powerful elite who influence how we dress, what we buy and how we feel about the faces we see on

the screen and the page, in ad campaigns and on album covers. Behind the scenes, costumers like Norris and stylists—who work in advertising and editorial photography—shape the pretty images we often mistake for reality. They are professional shoppers, schleppers and tastemakers, helping their clients look better than they really are, whether by stuffing shoulder pads in the anchorman's jacket or by placing framed family portraits on the politician's desk. They set the tone for the times, and we never even know they're there.

If you've ever wondered why movie stars always look so great, the answer is it's no accident. Stylists, wardrobe supervisors and image consultants get paid anywhere from \$150 an hour to \$1,200 a day to perfect that high-powered look, onstage and off. When actress Demi Moore appeared in public

for the first time after the birth of her baby sporting a whole new wardrobe, it wasn't just a maternal whim, it was the work of stylist Jane Ross, a former *Vogue* staffer. And when Jodie Foster turns up on TV promoting her latest movie, her classy elegance isn't entirely homegrown. Before the debut of *The Accused*, Foster's mother called celebrity stylist Sharon Simonaire and asked her to *please* find Jodie something to wear on interviews besides her customary gym clothes.

If stylists have one universal complaint, it's that people never really appreciate what it is they do. For Norris, who spends 60 hours a week trying to give the *thirtysomething* characters that label-conscious suburban look, the reward comes from the hundreds of letters he gets from viewers who are convinced the actors are actually wearing their own clothes. "I get all these letters asking, 'Where does Nancy buy her sweaters?'"

◀ On location in downtown Los Angeles, Norris, *thirtysomething's* costume supervisor, adjusts a necktie he designed for actor Timothy Busfield. "In reality," says Norris, "Tim's a slob."

Smooth character.



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ABC-TV

P E R S U A D E R S

he says. "People are used to fantasy like *Dynasty* and *Dallas*. Because this show is more realistic, they don't think I do anything. But making things look real is much harder."

Of course, Norris's industry peers understand that and last year awarded the 36-year-old an Emmy for creating *thirtysomething's* slightly preppie, irrefutably yuppie look. Each cast member has a complete wardrobe, from underwear and socks to suits and coats, that Norris has painstakingly hunted down and purchased at local department stores, boutiques and thrift shops.

Norris arrives at the set at 6:30 each morning and pulls out the appropriate threads for the day's shoot from each character's closet. Hope, for example, played by Mel Har-

ris, wears mostly casual pull-ons from mail-order catalogs like Tweeds and J. Crew, a practical choice for a busy mother. Her husband, Michael, played by Ken Olin, favors Armani suits these days to indicate that he's hit the fast track. For Elliot, played by Timothy Busfield, Norris personally designs colorful retro-style shirts and ties because he can't find enough unique pieces in the right sizes in antique-clothing shops.

"Elliot is artistic, a maverick," explains Norris. "He's secure enough to wear a \$3 tie with a \$1,500 jacket. He does it to be different." Happily, Norris's idiosyncratic designs for Elliot have gained so much admiring attention from fans that he and a partner, Charles Winston, are launching their own moderately priced men's label, called CHARLESPATRICK,

▲ Dressing the *thirtysomething* cast (above) has made Norris a confessed "shopaholic." He has flown to Philadelphia, where the show is nominally set, and to New York City to buy clothes.

that will be available in stores for Christmas. "Hey, it's neat," says Busfield, putting on a tie Norris decorated with orange basketballs, an inside reference to the game Busfield and company like to play every chance they get.

Norris, who has no formal training, has been working as a costumer for TV and movies for 16 years. His first job was washing David Caradine's costumes for the *Kung Fu* TV series. But there's little doubt he inherited his sense of style from his mother, Patricia Norris, an Oscar-nominated costume designer whose credits include *Victor/Victoria* and *Blue Velvet*. "This job is fun, but it can be exhausting," he says. After plunking down

\$515 at Tommy Hilfiger for several oxford-cloth shirts and stopping at a half-dozen other boutiques in search of sweaters, blouses, jewelry and jackets, Norris has to head back to his office to read through tomorrow's script. "It's like I have to get a dozen children dressed and ready by 7:30 each morning. Only then can I sit down and have a cup of coffee. Now I know how mothers feel."

The first thing any stylist or wardrobe supervisor will tell you, in fact, is that there is nothing glamorous about their line of work. Even in feature films, the crème de la crème of costuming, it's one hard, grubby job. **GLORIA GRESHAM, 44,**

PERSUADERS



corner of the city" to find 12 identical plaid coats.

Movie directors aren't the only ones who keep costumers and stylists running full tilt. **SHARON SIMONAIRE**, who assembles outfits and props for top celebrity photographer Herb Ritts, spends her days and nights scouring Los Angeles for whatever obscure object of desire he requires for his shoots, be it merman tails for Madonna's *Cherish* video or a sexy ankle bracelet of Tibetan beads for a *Playboy* spread on Brigitte Nielsen. "Working with

for music videos and album covers. "Sharon's got a keen eye," Turner explains. "She knows my look—Armani, Alaïa, Yohji Yamamoto—and she can go out and find things that are complementary. It saves me time, and I get exactly what I want without a lot of frustration."

Simonaire, 33, says she learned all about the power of clothing when she was in the sixth grade. Growing up in Baltimore, daughter of a nurse and an engineer, style meant little to her until a doctor's wife she baby-sat

for gave her some expensive castoffs—a white minidress and matching go-go boots. "I wore them to school the next day, and as I climbed the steps, every head turned," Simonaire recalls. "It created this allure and mystique. In that



FRANCOIS DUHAMEL



PHOTOFEST

● Gresham refurbished a period wedding gown (top) for Barry Levinson's new film, *Avalon*. She created *Twins* duds for Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito as well as Kathleen Turner's *War of the Roses* battle dress.

whose recent films include *When Harry Met Sally...* and *The War of the Roses*, spends weeks before each picture in hot, dusty costume warehouses, often perched on a ladder 12 feet in the air, thumbing through rack after rack of old clothes.

In movies, the deadlines are longer and the budgets are bigger, so more of the costumes can be custom-tailored for the stars. Sometimes designing a costume proves easier than finding a dozen backups in the same size and color, which are necessary for any scenes involving stunts. When Charles Grodin was cast at the last minute in the stunt-filled *Midnight Run*, Gresham had to fly from Los Angeles to New York "and spend the weekend searching every

Herb, I had to learn to find the most outrageous things," says Simonaire, who has been Ritts's stylist for the past three years. "He can always visualize it, and I nearly go crazy trying to find it."

One thing stylists never have enough of is time. Everybody always wants it yesterday. David Bowie once called Simonaire to say he had to have a particular white shirt for his upcoming tour—"part Errol Flynn, part pirate, but not feminine." From his five-minute description, Simonaire designed a shirt herself and had it ready three days later. Now she's in charge of all Bowie's tour clothes. Tina Turner also relies on Simonaire to put together her personal wardrobe, stage clothes and special outfits

moment, I realized the psychological importance of dressing."

Graduated from high school at 15, she immediately started working as a clerk in boutiques, later moving on to styling for magazines and fashion ads. As it happens, her latest passion isn't clothes at all; it's home furnishings. In her spare time, Simonaire has opened an antiques-collectibles shop in L.A. called Oddiyana, Tibetan for "beyond imagination."

When the final image reaches the public, no one person can take full credit for it. Movies and television are ultimately collaborative efforts, the wardrobe supervisor working closely with the director, producers and actors to create just the right visual



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PERSUADERS

cues. Unlike, say, the lighting, on which the technicians are deferred to, when it comes to clothes, everyone has an opinion. "The more contemporary the script, the more people think they know what you should be doing," says Gresham. "I've practically gotten input from the janitor."

Nowhere is this more evident than in commercials, where millions of dollars in sales are riding on the ads' ability to create an irresistible image for the product. Stylists and costumers alike de-

scribe advertising work as a "nightmare," and **BILL FUCILE**, a leading commercial stylist, wouldn't disagree. "In a music video, I can say, 'This is what you're all going to wear, because I like it,'" says Fucile, who has styled videos for Tracy Chapman, Rickie Lee Jones and Lou Reed, among others. "In a commercial, you have a lot of people with different ideas and very little time. I have to present five outfits, and the director and ad agency will agree on one. If there are 30 principal players, that's 150 outfits. And I have one week to

get them together."

For the Levi 501 campaign last year, Fucile worked with 600 pairs of jeans, denim jackets and shirts, ripping, tearing, dyeing, fading and washing them until they conveyed a certain lived-in nonchalance. "Everything in those Levi ads looks real," explains Fucile. "But actually, it's created. Those kids don't

● "I needed something all my own," says Simonaire of her new antiques shop. She designed Tina Turner a hot mini for her latest LP jacket (left).

PERSUADERS

just show up in that stuff."

Fucile, 31, studied at the Fashion Institute of Design and Merchandising in Los Angeles and at UCLA film school before becoming a stylist. Most of the accounts he works on, including Canada Dry, Sprite and Michelob Dry, are geared toward hip young audiences. "I spend a lot of time people watching," he says. "I go to Melrose Avenue and look at what the kids are wearing on the street. It's amazing how you can show something on TV in an ad and then see it duplicated everywhere a few weeks later."

Like most stylists, Fucile is keenly aware of how influential his craft can be. "Television is so powerful," he marvels. "People are so easily influenced by what they see. They don't realize what's going on. It makes you want to take that power and use it to send kids a message about drug abuse, alcoholism or AIDS, instead of just selling a product."

Because stylists spend their days realizing other people's visions, it's particularly important to them that they do something that expresses their own values on their own time. For Norris, that means spending Monday nights at local juvenile-detention halls working with teenagers with drug problems. "It's a commitment that matters to me, given what's going on in society," he says. "The kids are so interested in Hollywood, and I try to show them it can be real. For me, that's as important as anything I get out of this business."

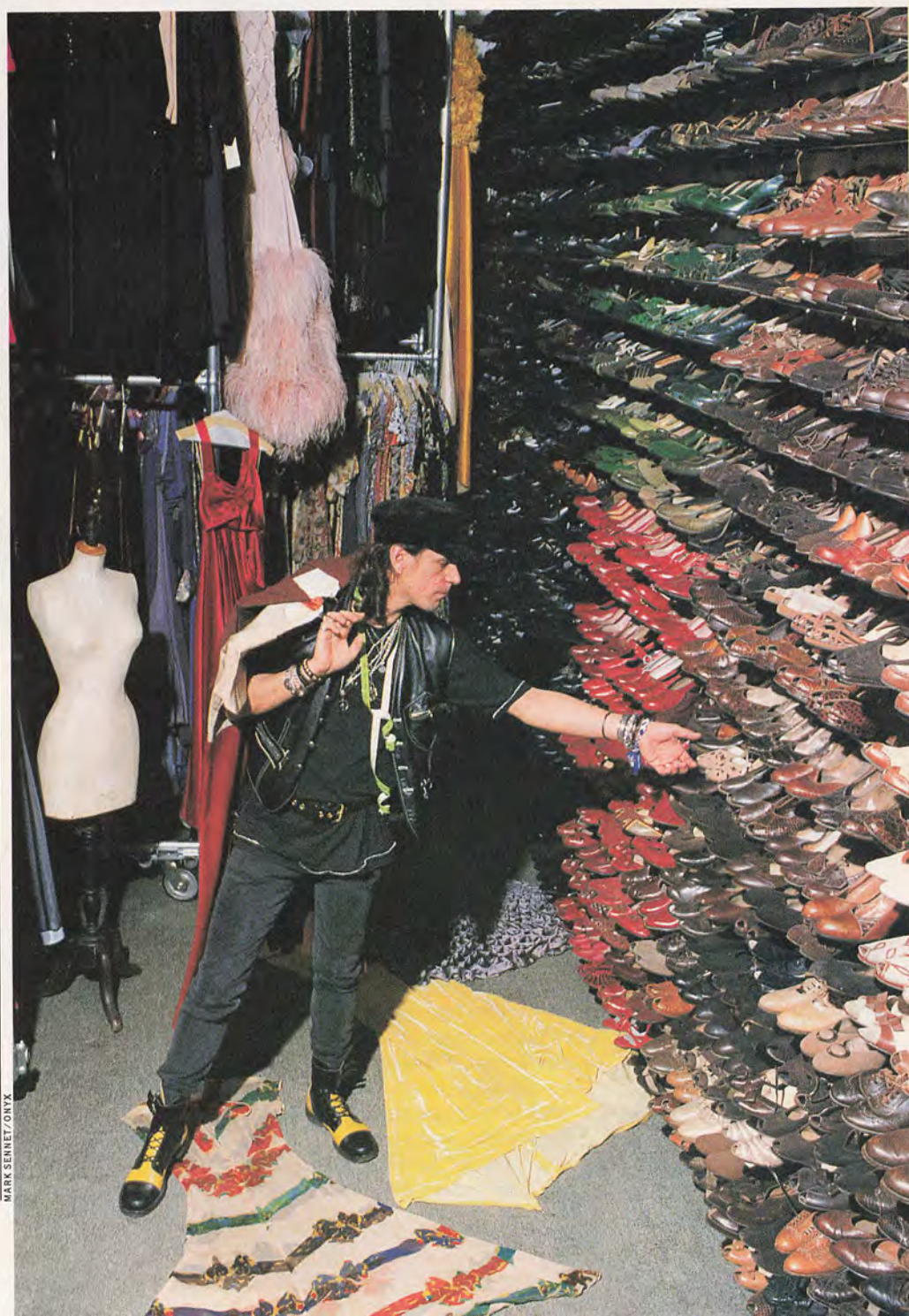
Norris and Fucile believe there is a growing interest in the industry in using the tools of their trade to do some good. Fucile and several other stylists have decided to pool their time and talents

to work on public-service announcements aimed at young people. "The '80s were so image conscious," Fucile observes. "In the '90s, I think we're going to see more concern for what's behind that image." ■

● Fucile selects footwear at a wardrobe store. Styling Levi ads (right) he often takes the kids along and lets them choose their own stuff.



DAVID GUILBERT



MARK SENNET/ONYX



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STYLE IN JAPAN

Beyond Sony And Sushi, There's Silly

Cars, cameras: No argument. But here are 20 Japanese items and ideas that maybe we needn't rush to import



BUSINESS TOKYO

1 UNDIE DRYING RACK: Lets you mask your unmentionables in a way that's decorous instead of decorative.

2 BLUE-CHEESE ICE CREAM: For a sundae you'll still taste on Monday, add a scoop of horseradish ice cream.

3 BOOB TUBE EXTREMIS: Bare-breasted women are nothing unusual on Japanese TV. One talk show features topless beauties in the background while fully clad guests chat.



MASAYUKI DOBASHI

4 TECHNICOLOR SOY SAUCE: A rainbow of condiments to dye for.

5 \$100 ABSOLUTELY SPHERICAL MELONS: Grown suspended in air for perfect shape. Prized as gifts (but hard to wrap).

6 BOSS DAY: Also honored besides employers—Vacuum Cleaner Day (May 30), Refrigerator Day (June 22) and Washer Day (Aug. 1).

7 CANNED ROSES: Vacuum-packed for easy storage and romantic emergencies. And there'll be plenty if you give these very often.

BUSINESS TOKYO

8 CARTOONIZATION: Japanese publishers offer comic-book versions of everything from corporate training manuals to government reports. S&M porno comics are especially big with businessmen, who peruse the latest *Rapeman* on the 8:18 from Yokohama with none but Western visitors looking askance.

9 FRISKY BATH MATES: Cute little monkeys or bear cubs are on hand to enliven the waters at some hot-spring resorts.

10 HIGH-TECH TOILETS: Wall-mounted control panels offer variable-temperature seating, pulse and blood pressure readings, a urine sugar test, retractable bidet nozzle and air-flow bottom-dryer. Also popular is a musical tissue dispenser that plays a tune as it unrolls. Now really, who could keep their seat when "It's a Small World After All" begins?

11 UMBRELLA BAGS: Throwaway plastic sheaths to keep wet umbrellas from dripping in stores and offices. Dispensed at the door, discarded when you leave.

12 VENDING MACHINE MADNESS: Coin-operated merchandising is ubiquitous. A few yen in the right slot can buy porno mags, cheap jewelry, floppy discs, raw eggs, condoms in all colors, cold beer, hot sake, Bibles and whiskey. Only the strict Japanese sense of honor prevents minors from purchasing the no-no's.

13 PLASTIC PINEAPPLES: An exercise device for arthritis sufferers; it softens (as if ripening) when squeezed.



DENNIS B. GRAY



DENNIS B. GRAY

14 GOLD-FLECKED TOOTHPASTE: 14-karat status-sprinkles also come in cakes, candy, noodles and coffee (about \$350 per cup). Japanese doctors say the gold is harmless in small amounts. It's the conspicuous consumption that's indigestible.

15 FLUSH SIMULATOR: A portable speaker that produces the sound of a toilet flushing while you're in the bathroom. Supposedly conserves water by eliminating the need for cover-up flushing.

16 COMMERCIAL STUTTER: TV ads that are shown twice in a row for impact. Every five minutes isn't enough?

17 REGAIN: A bottled caffeine and vitamin drink for workaholic corporate climbers. Its ad jingle ("Can you fight 24 hours, Japanese businessman?") topped the pop charts.



18 HAND DEODORANT: A hit with the young.

19 100-YEAR MORTGAGES: Real estate is so pricey that one's heirs may have to assume the house payments. Sort of a small-scale version of the U.S. budget deficit.

20 ALIBI ALLEY: A company provides taped background sounds (of a pinball parlor, bowling alley or street noises) for when you're phoning sheepishly to explain your whereabouts. Tip to husbands who might be calling home: Bring a can of roses.

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Madonna at the Altar

Sooner or later she'll tie the knot again. So at our request, six top designers for the '90s have made sure she won't be at loose ends

▲ "A wedding is a religious ceremony," allows C.D. GREENE, explaining his paillette-dusted dress with sheer top, "but if anyone can wear something this provocative, Madonna can."

► "As sexy as she is, Madonna looks fabulous in a man-tailored suit," says RANDOLPH DUKE, who sends her down the aisle in a part-dress, part-tuxedo "druxedo" and to the reception in a variation based on a strapless jumpsuit.

▼ ISAAC MIZRAHI paves his vision with Mexican religious charms and dubs it *Milagro* ("Miracle"). "It's sexy," he says. "There's nothing under the jacket, and it has just one button."



AT THE ALTAR



▲ "It's her second marriage, a great opportunity to wear something fresh," says Antoinette Linn of FINIS. The African print skirt and silk shantung top "have a simple '50s beauty. The outfit's sexiness is less raw, more sweet."

▼ "The '90s woman, like Madonna, doesn't tiptoe to the altar," says JEANETTE Kastenbergh. "She wants to get there now. That's what this dress is for." The wedding cake flowers, of glass and silk, are meant "as a little spoof."



▲ "The concept here is a fairy-tale wedding," says RONALDUS SHAMASK. "Scarlet makes you think of medieval times, also of rebellion, very much Madonna. If WARREN BEATTY is the groom, he'd look great in a poncho—they're very masculine. His running shoes are the ultimate in cool. I gave him tights for two reasons: They have a medieval feel, and I think he'd like to show off his body."

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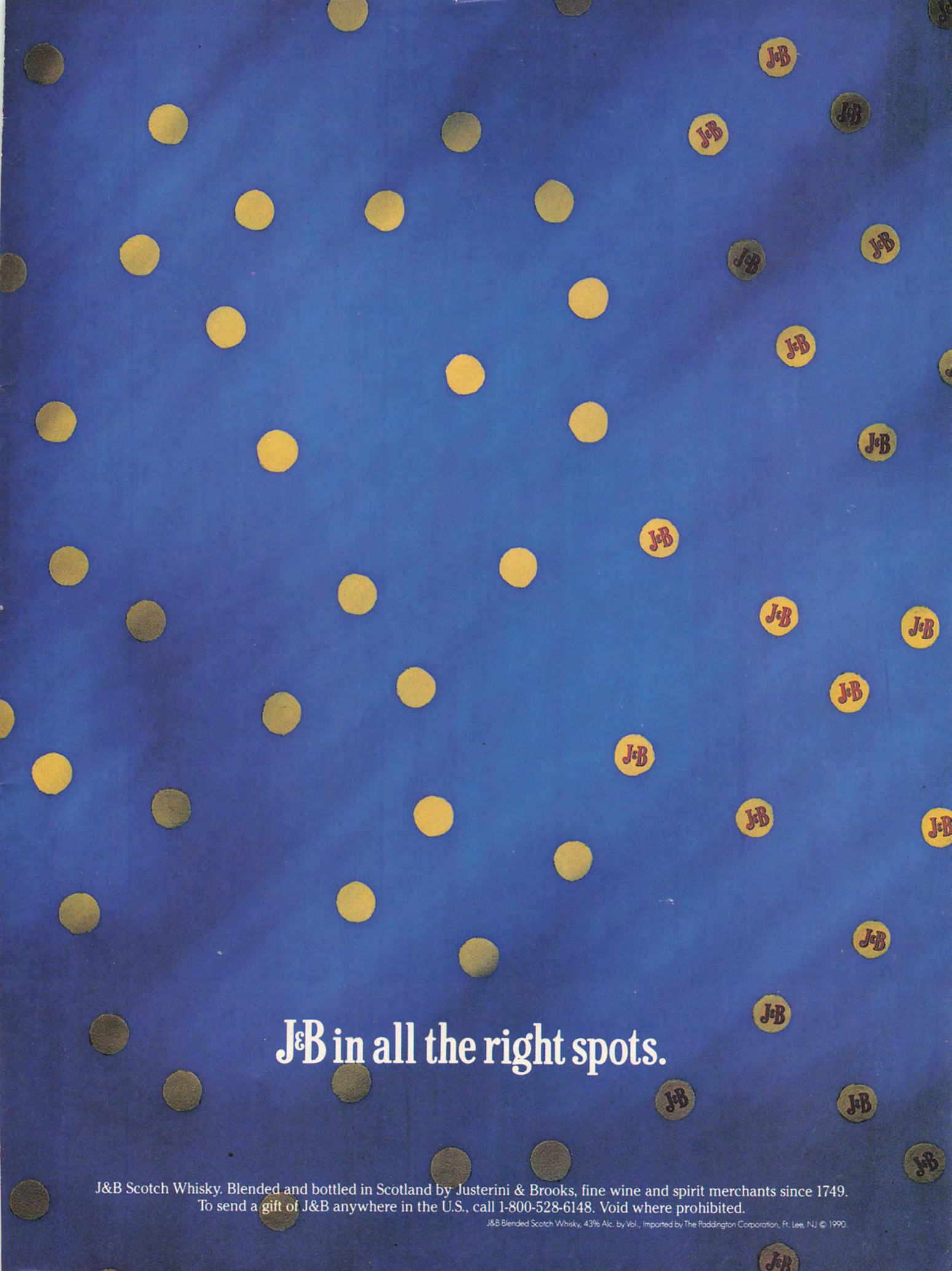
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